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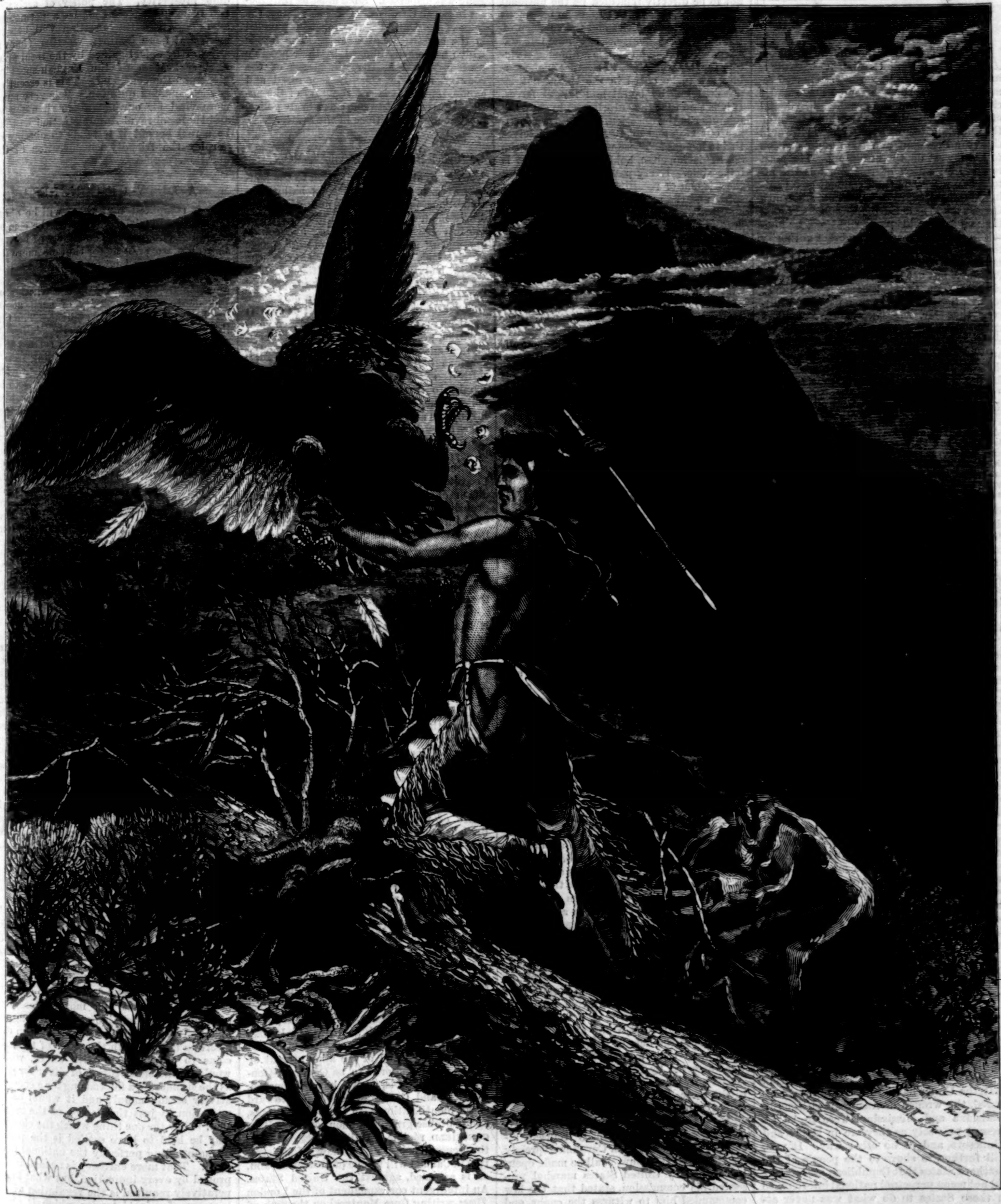

A BATTLE IN THE CLOUDS.—Drawn by W. M. Cary.—[See Page 970.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1878.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains three interesting engravings and a variety of entertaining reading matter.*

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THE PRESIDENT AND OTHER REPUBLICANS.

A GREAT deal of Republican criticism upon the Administration has been made in the spirit of Mr. CONKLING'S reported remark of last spring—a report made under circumstances which demanded his denial of it if untrue—that if the whole truth of the Louisiana business were known, it would sink the President and the Administration to the lowest depths of infamy. The most recent illustration of this spirit is the attempt to represent the President as repenting his official course in Louisiana and South Carolina, and as declaring that he had found the majority of his party right and he himself in the wrong. With no other authority to speak for him than any observer of his course may claim, we are very sure that the President has neither said nor thought that his course was wrong, because it was simply constitutional. We have no doubt whatever that Mr. ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS states the simple truth in saying, as we have often said, that the President has had no "policy" toward the Southern States but that of obeying the Constitution and enforcing the laws, which is precisely his "policy" toward the Western States and New England. Mr. STEPHENS truly says:

> "It is the President's business and bounden duty to administer the laws of the country, nothing more. I do not see how his present position can possibly be construed into any change of policy whatever. If the Democrats of the South have been guilty of fraud at the ballot-box, it is the President's duty to prosecute each case he can find. There is no policy in that. It is law."

Mr. EVARTS also states clearly and conclusively that what has been done was not an "experiment" nor a "policy," but a duty, and that while the President was mistaken in believing that the Southern leaders would be able to prevent gross outrages, his official conduct has not been and could not be influenced by such an expectation.

It is easy to understand the object of the studied and steady misrepresentation of the President's position; it is to make him appear a weak, credulous, impracticable man, and by implication to magnify the Republicans who are conspicuously his opponents. This, indeed, is the more necessary, because time and observation confirm the wisdom of the general policy that he has pursued. It is said, indeed, that, on the contrary, the frauds in South Carolina and the renewed bullying and terrorizing in other States are evidences that he was mistaken in supposing that Southern Democrats could be "conciliated," or that they would respect the rights of the colored citizens. But even were this so, even if he had supposed that certain leaders could be more influential in maintaining such respect than events have proved them to be, it was an expectation which had and could have nothing whatever to do with the discharge of his official duty, or with the general wisdom of his view of the situation. We presume the President's estimate of the proper course to pursue was expressed in his inaugural address, and we presume that it has never changed. Certainly his course has never varied.

The first and paramount necessity of national politics when Mr. HAYES came to the Presidency was to relieve the public mind of the impression that the primary duty of a Republican Administration was to protect the colored citizens of the Southern States by direct military interposition. It was to impress the public mind with the conviction that, the Union having been completely restored, the wrongs of American citizens in Louisiana and Mississippi were to be redressed precisely as they are in Maine and Minnesota, and in no other way. It was, still further, to show to the people of the Southern States that Republican ascendency did not mean perpetual national interference in those States to do what was never attempted in other States, and, by relieving them of such an apprehension, to destroy, on the one hand, the power of Democratic demagogues to influence the white population by declaring that they must combine to resist Republican national aggression, and, on the other, to afford an opportunity for the normal play of politics, which would—and nothing else could—break up the color line. It was, in a word, to deal with the Southern situation on the great principles of the constitution of the American government, and of common-sense, humanity, and sagacity, and not with that sole purpose of party advantage which usually defeats itself. This was the tone of the President's inaugural address; this was the desire of hosts of the most intelligent and patriotic citizens every where, and this has been the unwavering aim and course of the Administration upon the Southern question. This view, we repeat, has been amply vindicated by the result. The course pursued has not, indeed, prevented frauds and violence in some places, but it has largely restored the perception that such offenses are not to be directly remedied by the national government, and that alone is an enormous gain for normal politics and the solution of the Southern difficulty. It is now felt and acknowledged—and this is an immense victory for the Administration—that such troubles are to be cured in the Union not by physical but by moral and lawful forces. If it is said that the culprits are hyenas, the rejoinder is the question, Why did we sacrifice our best and dearest to keep ourselves tied to hyenas? Those who assert that "the South" is hopeless, hold that the Union is impossible. Every patriotic man concedes the wisdom of recalling the country to the spirit and the methods of the Constitution, and it is under such a course that the North becomes once more probably Republican. But those who have sneered at it as cowardice or Sunday-school imbecility, and who are surely drifting behind the real sentiment of the country, naturally struggle to wrest the frauds and violence in the Southern States into a justification of the Republican opposition to the Administration as treacherous. They gnaw a file. The spirit of the Administration in its treatment of this question has been a victory for the Republic and for the Republican party.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA FRAUDS.

WE have seen several specimens of the tissue-paper ballots with which the South Carolina frauds were accomplished. They are rather more than two inches long and more than an inch broad, and can be readily folded into an ordinary ballot, and they are by far the most comely device to which the Ku-Klux has resorted. We are informed that the fraudulent voting was enjoyed as a pastime, and it was thought to be so full of fun that no denial is made in many districts, and it is laughed at as excellent jesting. It is certainly a much gayer method of baffling an opposing vote than hunting and harrying and whipping and shooting the voters, but even ballot-stuffing, as TWEED showed in New York, is an unnecessary trouble. He allowed every body to vote at pleasure, but he himself did the counting. The contents of the box are unimportant if there be such a count as is necessary for the purpose. Even the South Carolina evidence of scrupulous fairness, which consisted in blindfolding a confederate and letting him draw out the good ballots and leave the spurious, so that stuffing was supplemented by exhaustion, may be dispensed with if a judicious count is secured.

The use of the same tissue ballots in so many counties showed that they proceeded from head-quarters, and indicate a matured plan of general fraud. This is apparently confirmed by the fact that Republicans were not allowed among the managers of election. In Orangeburg County, in 1876, the Democratic party was represented on the Board of Commissioners of Election by a Democrat appointed by Governor CHAMBERLAIN on Democratic recommendation, and at each precinct the Democrats had a manager of election of their own choosing. This year, as we are informed, Governor HAMPTON, in defiance of the law, refused to allow the Republicans any representative upon the Board of Commissioners, or a single manager at any precinct, while at Orangeburg Court-house the deputy United States marshals, upon their appearance at the polls, were arrested by State constables, and released only upon a promise not to attempt to do their duty. At the closing of the polls two of the Republican candidates asked to witness the count and to keep tally, but they were peremptorily refused, although the law of South Carolina expressly provides that the count shall be made openly. A deputy United States marshal presented his commission, stated that the law commanded him to witness the count, and asked for permission to do so. For this offense he was arrested, beaten, and imprisoned.

This is the way in which the election was carried in South Carolina. The offices have been fairly stolen, but not a candidate will probably decline to accept, and there is as yet no local remedy. Prosecution would be followed by trial before juries composed of the offenders. And there is as yet no public sentiment which openly condemns such practices. In New York, it will be remembered, we had the same fraudulent manipulation of the vote in 1869; and if General GRANT'S election had depended upon this State, he would have been swindled out of it. It will be remembered, also, that we did not appeal to the national government, and that it was only by an extraordinary public movement that the managers of the fraud were overthrown. The conspirators were apparently as supreme as those in South Carolina. They controlled courts and juries. They muzzled the press and pocketed lawyers. But the protest made itself heard and felt, and the TWEED gang was dispersed. Such must be the process in South Carolina. Offenses against the laws of the United States must be pursued in the constitutional manner. The frauds which necessarily imperil, by their possible consequences hereafter, the peace of the country, must be steadily denounced and exposed. But it is not the duty of the national government to serve as a State police, nor to conduct elections in the States.

THE BACON BALLOT-BOX.

A VERY valuable contribution to the honesty of elections is the BACON ballot-box, which has been patented, and which deserves the most careful attention of all who are interested in honest voting and counting, and of those who have official charge of elections, who together comprise the whole body of American citizens. The mechanism of the box is very simple, and its successful operation requires only some slight changes in the electoral laws. It numbers every ballot with a detective combination, preventing "stuffing" and "supplying" and stealing, and instantly showing spurious ballots. It has been tested by skillful experts, who have ingeniously sought to evade its operation, but every point seems to have been guarded. All such inventions are, of course, proximate. They offer defenses against mischiefs already known, and even against many which may be suggested by those that are known. But they naturally suggest a new kind of abuse to avoid the new guards. This is the condition of all progress. Nothing, also, can protect a poll where there is no indication of the number of votes cast, and where the inspectors are in collusion both as to the number and character of the vote. In other words, no invention can abolish rascality. But an invention may very seriously embarrass it and practically nullify it. This is the aim of the BACON ballot-box, which is admirably adapted to secure its purpose. It has been seen and approved by intelligent and skillful men of all kinds, and deserves a candid and close inspection.

THE NEW RÉGIME IN CANADA.

A SHREWD Canadian observer says that he fears the effect of the grand incursion of flunkyism under Lord LORNE and the Princess which is about descending upon the continent, and fears it for its effect upon the social character of the United States as well as that of Canada. The Dominion is largely independent, but it is the natural desire of the aristocratic element in the British government, which under the BEACONSFIELD Administration is absolutely in the ascendent, to keep Canadian sentiment faithful by setting up a semi-royal court with a real princess at its head. The American Jenkins is already keenly alive to the fact that such a personage is coming, and has already celebrated her bath and her breakfast upon shipboard the morning after sailing. That such delightful intelligence is conspicuously published shows that shrewd news purveyors for the American public know that there is an interest in it and a demand for it. Indeed, it has been sometimes suspected that the Great Republic furnishes as thorough snobs as the British Empire itself.

The political end of the appointment of the Marquis of Lorne to be Governor-General of Canada is, as we have intimated, to withstand Canadian tendencies toward closer identification with the United States, and to diffuse greater glamour over the BEACONSFIELD régime. It is understood that the general policy of the new Administration in Canada will be one of protection, and, as is assumed, against the United States. An intelligent correspondent of the London *Times*, writing from Montreal on the 28th of October, says, "A policy not of protection for its own sake, but of protection in order to obtain or force reciprocity from the United States, will in the coming session be the key-note of Sir JOHN MACDONALD'S finance;" and he shrewdly adds, "The loss of a single market will be a more efficacious eye-opener to the acute Yankees than the perusal of a hundred free-trade pamphlets." The writer also says that Canada can never fully develop her resources under the fostering care of protection, but that an adjustment of the tariff will give breathing space. He evidently anticipates ultimate reciprocity, and he boldly asks whether that will be the halting-place, or but the first step to a complete Zollverein. This, he thinks, would be the last inducement for union with "the States." To others it might appear very differently.

The financial article of the Toronto *Mail*, which is the chief Conservative journal, in replying to this letter, admits that the opinion which it combats seems to be making way in the country. That opinion in general is that reciprocity is essential to Canadian prosperity. The policy of seclusion and of exclusion can not be a permanent advantage, and the question will become more and more distinct, whether there is any worthy object gained by the total practical separation of the English-speaking race upon the continent. This is essentially the Canadian question. It is very much more vital for our neighbors than for us, and the semi-royal Administration will not be a real benefit if it tends to obscure or perplex the friendly consideration of the question.

A DUTY OF CONGRESS.

IT is computed that there will be about ten weeks of legislative days at the coming session of Congress. The time will be very short, but we urge again that no more imperative duty will be presented than that of providing for the adjustment of any question that may arise in the election of President. The necessity of such action has been made painfully evident. The peril of neglecting it is perfectly plain. To say that the Constitution has settled it is like saying, when a child is falling from a third-story window, that God will provide. Has the Constitution settled what is to be done if an objection is made to any electoral vote? Has it settled the discussion that has arisen in regard to the function of the Vice-President—a discussion that involves civil war? Has it settled whether Congress shall go behind the certificate of a State? Has it settled any of the questions upon which the government came into such vital danger in 1876? The Constitution points out in a general way the general course of proceeding. It is for the law to prescribe the details of the course.

That is what the bill of Mr. EDMUNDS, to which we have already referred, proposes to do. There is no question of the necessity of such provision. The inadequacy of the existing slipshod and dangerous process has been plainly pointed out. The subject has been very ably and amply discussed, and what is now needed is action. The country does not wish to enter upon the election of 1880 with the consciousness that it is running for luck in avoiding a civil convulsion. Let it be distinctly understood either that Congress will or will not make itself a Returning Board and investigate the poll returns in every State, and whether at every national election it is to be agreed that visiting statesmen shall proceed from some of the States into others to see that the State officers do their sworn duty. We are now in a situation upon the subject which is both superlatively ridiculous and imminently dangerous, and it is the duty of Congress to provide for the national relief without delay.

SILVER.

IT is hardly possible that the inflationists will attempt to move for a repeal of the Resumption Act, both because of the certainty of a veto, and of the impossibility of final action before the law goes into effect. The general soundness of public sentiment upon the financial question has been so signally demonstrated that the more interesting question is the probable action of Congress about silver. There is some indication of a desire to tamper with the value of the gold coins to adjust them with silver, which would be the substitution of silver for gold as the standard—a fluctuating for a comparatively steady metal; and it would be repudiation in just the degree of the reduction. Now the one thing which the election may be held to have settled is the policy of maintaining perfectly the national good faith. That more currency is needed is disproved by every indication, but what is imperatively required is the regulation of the increase of a legal tender which is about fifteen per cent. below the value of a dollar. This is the present aspect of the silver question.

There has been a confused notion in many minds that as gold and silver are "the money of the Constitution," all that was necessary for financial relief was to issue plenty of gold and silver coins. This view has assumed that they would circulate together, and that it would make no difference to the workman whether he were paid in gold or silver dollars. This is part of the illusion under which many honest working-men have labored. They have been shown very clearly in the discussion of the autumn that when the government coins eighty-five cents' worth of silver and calls it a dollar, and makes it a legal tender, its power ends, for it can not compel any man in the country to sell a dollar's worth of bread and meat or to give a dollar's worth of labor for eighty-five cents. In other words, the working-man and every other man gain nothing by calling eighty-five cents or ten cents a dollar. As the law stands, silver dollars are to be coined at the rate of 2,000,000 monthly. But if this continues, the currency of the world will be driven out of the country, and we shall be left to the uncertainty of a fluctuating currency, with the consequent paralysis of industry and enterprise.

It is understood that the Secretary of the Treasury will recommend a limitation of the issue of silver. The end sought would be produced by limiting the legal tender quality, but it is stated that the Secretary does not favor this view, although it is the preference of many intelligent financiers. The mischief to be remedied is so plain that the recommendation should be adopted. But this is the Congress of the Silver Bill, and little is to be hoped from it. There is little doubt, however, from the intimations from Washington, that the policy of the Administration, as stated by the President and the Secretary of the Treasury, will be one that the intelligence and the patriotism of the country will cordially approve, and it will be left to a Democratic Congress to offer objections and delays to a just financial settlement. It would be interesting to know whether hard-money Democrats think that a sweeping Democratic victory this autumn would have secured honest financial legislation.

LIQUOR LEGISLATION.

The Court of Appeals of New York has made a very important decision. It declares the Civil Damage Act to be constitutional. This act holds both the seller of liquor and the owner of the premises upon which liquor is sold responsible for any violation of law in consequence of drunkenness caused by the liquor. It is, of course, a law passed in the interest of temperance. It recognizes the right of society to regulate the sale of intoxicating liquors, as a license law recognizes it, and its direct operation is to prevent leases for liquor shops except to those who will not abuse the privilege of sale. A newspaper which opposes the law asserts that it violates the principles of justice and equity. The ground of such a comment is, of course, that a man drinks at his own risk, and if he breaks the peace the law already provides for his punishment. It is equally true that a man smokes a pipe near a powder-magazine at his own risk, but society has rights as well as the individual, and society, to protect itself, regards gunpowder as an exceptionally dangerous property, and regulates its manufacture and storage as it does not those of other property.

In the same way it argues that liquor is an agent sure to be abused, and proved by experience to be the cause of enormous taxation by the crime which it produces, and which necessitates police and prisons. It asserts, therefore, the right to regulate its dangerous use as a beverage, and one of the obvious ways to do this is to put a check upon its careless sale by holding the person who lets a shop for that purpose responsible for the damage that may arise from making a man drunk. It is a case in which society seeks to protect itself by preventing disorder, and the argument against it is an argument against any regulation of the liquor traffic.

Liquor legislation is a matter of expediency, and springs from the right of society to protect itself by methods which involve no disregard of sound and conservative fundamental principles. Individual liberty of action must be defended up to the point where experience proves that the common liberty requires an individual restriction. That warning of experience can be ascertained only by common consent or by the voice of a legal majority. It is a maxim of the law that a man intends the natural and obvious consequences of his acts. When he sells or furnishes the means of selling to another man something that he knows will destroy the moral and conscious responsibility of the buyer, why should he not be responsible for the result? If the buyer ought to be held responsible for drinking what he knows will steal his wits, certainly he ought not to escape who makes a living by it. The particular case which was appealed was that of a son who drove his father's horse on Sunday to a "hotel" in Orange County, and there made himself drunk, and drove the horse to death. The father sued both landlord and tenant to recover the value of the horse. The jury gave him a verdict, and upon the appeal of the landlord and tenant the Court of Appeals affirmed the judgment.

ANOTHER VIEW.

It is refreshing to see from the interview of a Washington reporter with Mr. Evarts that the Administration is not to be swept away by any sectional cry, and looks at the frauds and outrages in some districts of the Southern States with patriotic common-sense, and not as party capital. We certainly propose to do our part in exposing all such crimes in the Southern as in all other States, but we do not propose to forget the actual situation in the South, nor to connive at any but reasonable and lawful remedies. Mr. Evarts says:

> "There is no use denying the fact that the Southern people have suffered greatly—the Southern whites, I mean—from the sudden bouleversement of their social system or fabric, the sudden interjection into their voting aggregate of an element of ignorance, and the consequent domination of uneducated and inexperienced power in their political affairs. It was perhaps a mistake that this was done by the Republican party of the North. But all this does not justify murder and wholesale disregard of existing law....In Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee, and some other Southern States, this violence, which disgraces South Carolina and Louisiana, has spent its force, and we have comparatively fair elections. Outrages are confined to a comparatively small strip here and there along the Atlantic and Gulf coasts. In the two States I have mentioned the great trouble lies. In the others, matters have settled down into comparative quiet."

The special correspondent sent by the *Tribune* to South Carolina, also, reports a conversation with an intelligent colored man in Williamsburg County, in South Carolina—a local Republican leader—who said, "There were some men on our ticket that were no more fit for office than that horse." And a gentleman, not a Democrat, from Louisiana recently said, "It is rather hard to see a man put in power over your property who can neither read nor write, and who is under the thumb of a white rascal."

These are phenomena of a kind not unknown in this part of the country. But it must be remembered that we have had in no Northern State such a Legislature as some in South Carolina since reconstruction, nor such complete exclusion from government of the intelligence and stake in the State as has been seen in some of the Southern communities. This, indeed, as Mr. Evarts says, does not justify murder and other crime; but it shows that the peaceful and orderly condition of communities which are not so subverted is not always to be expected in the Southern States.

These are things to be constantly borne in mind in dealing with political crimes in the South, and every patriotic citizen, and especially if he be a Republican, should see that nothing can be gained by a mere sectional outcry. Senator Lamar recently said at Cincinnati—and it is a simple and obvious truth which can not be too constantly and carefully pondered—"So long as the right of the people of the South to self-government is made an issue in national politics, the people of the South will not, and in my opinion ought not to, allow any question as to the currency to divide them. The South is more solid in favor of self-preservation than divided as to national politics." It is true that the right to self-government is not a right to stuff ballot-boxes and to terrorize voters, but it is a right to have such offenses pursued and punished in South Carolina as they are in Indiana and Ohio.

PERSONAL.

Dr. Boomer, Dean of the diocese of Huron, Canada, was married on the 20th November to Mrs. A. Roche, who arrived for that purpose last week from England. The ceremony took place in Grace Church, in this city. The diocese of which he is dean is presided over by Bishop Hellmuth, who is of Jewish descent, but became a convert to the Church of England. His father, a very wealthy man, disinherited him for renouncing the Jewish faith. On the father's death his wealth descended to another son, who restored to his brother, the bishop, that which would have been his if he had remained a Jew.

—The election of Lord Rosebery as Lord Rector of the University of Aberdeen, over the Right Hon. Mr. Cross, Home Minister of Lord Beaconsfield's cabinet, is a very high testimonial to the personal popularity of Lord R., and a somewhat significant event politically, as he is a pronounced Liberal. Several of the great Tory noblemen of Scotland were actively against him—the Earl of Aberdeen, the Duke of Richmond, and others—aided by the weight of the University Council. The Lord Rectorship is an honorary office conferred by the votes of the matriculated students. It does not affect the government of the university, that being lodged in the hands of the University Court and General Council, who elect the Chancellor. The present Chancellor is the Duke of Richmond. Lord Rosebery opened the winter course of lectures before the Edinburgh Literary Institution on the 5th of November, and in his address mentioned that the late A. T. Stewart told him in New York that his only recreation from his enormous business was the occasional reading of an ode of Horace.

—Colonel Forney's new weekly, *Progress*, the first number of which was published November 10, is a handsome quarto of twenty pages, and promises to be a decided success. Its style is somewhat like that of the London *World*—bright, pleasant, and very personal, with just enough of fact and fiction in the longer contributions to suit the taste and meet the wants of a large body of intelligent readers, male and female. The great success of Edmund Yates's London *World* and Mr. Labouchere's *Truth* has demonstrated that a cleverly conducted paper devoted mainly to the doings of persons who are more or less distinguished in private, social, professional, or political life will command attention and perusal. This is attested by the fact that the two English papers now most frequently quoted from in America are the *World* and *Truth*. They deal with live topics, and with people whose position is of such a character as to make their sayings and doings worthy of passing allusion or criticism. There are few men in the United States whose experience as journalists and politicians has afforded greater facilities for a wide knowledge of the people who make history than Colonel Forney's, and the first number of *Progress* indicates that his project will be very successfully carried out.

—In Mr. Moncure D. Conway's exceedingly interesting article on "England's Great University"—Oxford—in the December number of *Harper's Magazine*, occurs this allusion to one of Oxford's most distinguished professors: "Dr. Pusey, born of one of the oldest families in the kingdom, which, at Pusey Hall, keeps a horn of gold given them by Canute—a man bred in all tenderness—rides on the outside of coaches, and submits to all manner of hard fare, to save money to give to the poor and promote education, Christianity, and the like of that. He says a man in good circumstances ought to give up a fourth of his income for benevolent purposes—and does it."

—Elihu Burritt, famous as a linguist, has presented to the library of the Burritt School, at New Britain, Connecticut, all the books in the various languages which he has collected at home and abroad for the last twenty years. The collection includes, in manuscript ready for the press, his Arabic, Turkish, Persian, Hindoostanee, and Hebrew hand-books, containing the lessons and forms of his *Sanskrit Hand-Book for the Fireside*, recently published in this country and in England. He has also added a copy of every work ever published by him.

—Mr. Washburne, late American minister to France, says Colonel Forney's *Progress*, delivered his lecture on "The Siege and Commune in Paris" a few days ago before the students of the college at Ann Arbor, Michigan, and placed the origin of the war with Germany upon the courtlers, flatterers, and vultures who surrounded the throne of Napoleon III. Tired of a life luxurious in the extreme, but without the excitement of war, they were ambitious to add to their lustre the glory of martial victory; hence that famous cry which in June, 1870, re-echoed through Paris, "A Berlin en huit jours!"

—Mr. Stanley's explorations already begin to be utilized. The latest news from the Victoria N'yanza is dated last May, at which time the Rev. Mr. Wilson was comfortably established at the court of King Mtesa, in high favor, and awaiting the arrival of his colleagues.

—Judge Danforth, who has just been elected a judge of the Court of Appeals, is spoken of by his townsman, the editor of the Rochester *Democrat*, as a very able lawyer and a man of the purest personal character. "To the largest learning he adds unwearied industry and patient habits of analysis. True to his convictions, and courteous in his bearing, he will strengthen and adorn our highest court." Such is the belief of the *Democrat*.

—Apropos of the warm friendship that is known to have existed between the late George Peabody and Dean Stanley, the following incident, which occurred at the farewell reception given to the dean by Cyrus W. Field, is not without interest. When Mr. George H. Peabody, a nephew of the philanthropist, was presented to the dean, the latter, throwing his arm around his neck, said, "I was in Naples when your dear uncle died in London at the residence of Sir Curtis M. Lampson. I deeply regretted not being present at the death-bed of one whom I loved so much. I immediately telegraphed to London, requesting that Mr. Peabody be buried in Westminster Abbey, which was done. *I never made that request for any other man.* The desire of the Queen and the people of England was that the remains of the great humanitarian should forever rest in the Abbey." The dean added: "I have a picture of him, which was presented to me by Mr. Robert C. Winthrop and others in Massachusetts, which I shall present to the Queen of England, as her love and respect for Mr. Peabody were great."

—Mr. Jerome Marble, a Massachusetts man, is a sportsman who "has it very bad;" so violently, indeed, that when he goeth forth as a destroyer he does it in his own palace-car, accompanied by his family and a few guests. The car is a house in itself. It has a fine drawing-room twenty-four feet long, which in turn is used for dining and sleeping apartments. The ladies amuse themselves with piano or otherwise, as in any well-regulated house. There is a neat kitchen, with all the improved machinery of that important apartment. There is an armory and coat-room. The outside door has a door-bell, and strangers are expected to notice it when they call. Under the car is a large coal and ice box. The rear platform is fenced in for kitchen buckets and game. There is also a common car for the dogs, boats, and other necessary articles not proper in an elegantly appointed residence. The proprietor has a contract with the railroad company that requires any train to couple on to his cars when he signals for the same. The party have been out since September 2. Ducks, chickens, geese, and antelope have been their principal conquest.

—Le Kwei, one of the Chinese Commissioners at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, has published in four volumes an account of the Exhibition, and his travels in and impressions of the United States, England, and Europe. Appended to the last volume is a map showing the author's route, to which he makes the following note: "And thus people will see that the shape of the earth is round, and that there can be no doubt that it is the earth which moves, and not the sun."

—It is said that a life of the late Bishop Cummins, of the Reformed Episcopal Church, to be published in a few weeks, will contain letters from several Episcopal clergymen who, it is said, urged him on at the inception of his reform movement, and afterward failed to follow him.

—President M'Mahon is a wag as well as a warrior. At one of his recent receptions an officer made a wry face at the tea, chocolate, and cakes, saying, "I don't think much of this. Why don't they give us some cold meat, or a bit of ham, or some Bordeaux?" As he stands grumbling and munching his cake his shoulder is touched. Turning round, he sees a servant standing with a salver on which are some cold meat, a bit of ham, and a bottle of Bordeaux. "Why, what does this mean?" to the servant. "The marshal overheard monsieur," returns the man, imperturbably. Another time it is a young "sous-lieutenant," fresh from Saint Cyr (the French West Point), who is standing, melancholy and dejected, in a doorway. The marshal comes up to him and says, "Don't you dance?" "Oh yes. But I'm not lucky. I did ask one lady to dance with me, and she refused." "Which one was it?" The young man points her out. "Now look here, young man," says the marshal, "you ought to find out who people are, if you don't want to run your head into a wall, and not ask marshals' wives to dance without knowing them. That is Madame De M'Mahon, who never dances. But I'll ask her to dance with you this once." And she did.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The complete returns of the recent elections come in slowly. The official vote of Pennsylvania gives Henry M. Hoyt, the Republican candidate for Governor, a plurality of 23,349 over Andrew H. Dill, Democrat.—The Republican majority in Minnesota for State Auditor is 19,034.—South Carolina claims a Democratic majority of 70,784 on the vote for Congressmen.

General Gordon was re-elected to the United States Senate, November 19, by the Legislature of Georgia. All the State Senators and all but five of the House voted for him.

Fourteen men were killed and many injured by an explosion in a coal mine at Sullivan, Indiana, November 21.

FOREIGN NEWS.

No reply having been received from the Ameer, the British troops crossed the frontier and entered Afghanistan on the morning of November 21. The Tenth Hussars occupied Fort Kapion, or Kapiyanga, without resistance, the garrison retiring hurriedly before them. General Roberts then moved rapidly forward on Fort Ahmedishams, five miles further up the valley. The Quetta column, numbering 5260 men, has advanced ten miles, and reached Kushlak. The cold is intense. About one hundred men are sick in each regiment.—A proclamation of the Viceroy has been read to the Belooch chiefs, saying that war will be urged against the Ameer only, and advising the people to remain at their homes.—Lord Cranbrook, Secretary of State for India, has sent an important dispatch of considerable length to Lord Lytton, Viceroy of India, reviewing the causes that led to the present state of war. It is a summary of the papers which Lord Beaconsfield, in his letter to Lord Lawrence, promised should be distributed before the end of the month, and is at once an indictment of the frontier policy of Mr. Gladstone's administration, a defense of the policy of the present government, and a reply to the anti-war agitation of the Afghan Committee.

The modifications made by the International Roumelian Commission in the Turkish project for organic reforms have been accepted by the Porte. Prominent among the modifications is the appointment of seven members to be elected by the Roumelian National Assembly. The Turkish Council of Ministers has advised an arrangement with Greece, conformably to the proposals of the Congress, without specifying the line of the frontier.

The British gunboat *Condor* recently went to Bourgas to investigate an alleged outrage on the British vice-consul. The St. Petersburg *Golos* had a strongly worded article on this event, "which," it says, "constitutes a clear violation of the neutrality of the Black Sea. The English may cut our sea communications at any moment. Does England wish to measure Russia's forbearance?"

The Prussian Diet was opened November 19. The royal speech referred to the small loan that had been required to meet the immediate necessities of the administration, and to the measures of additional taxation which would be necessary to establish a financial equilibrium, the taxation of imported breadstuffs, hides, wines, etc. The establishment of agricultural banks was proposed, and their advantages pointed out; and also measures for the better regulation and extension of the railway system were recommended.

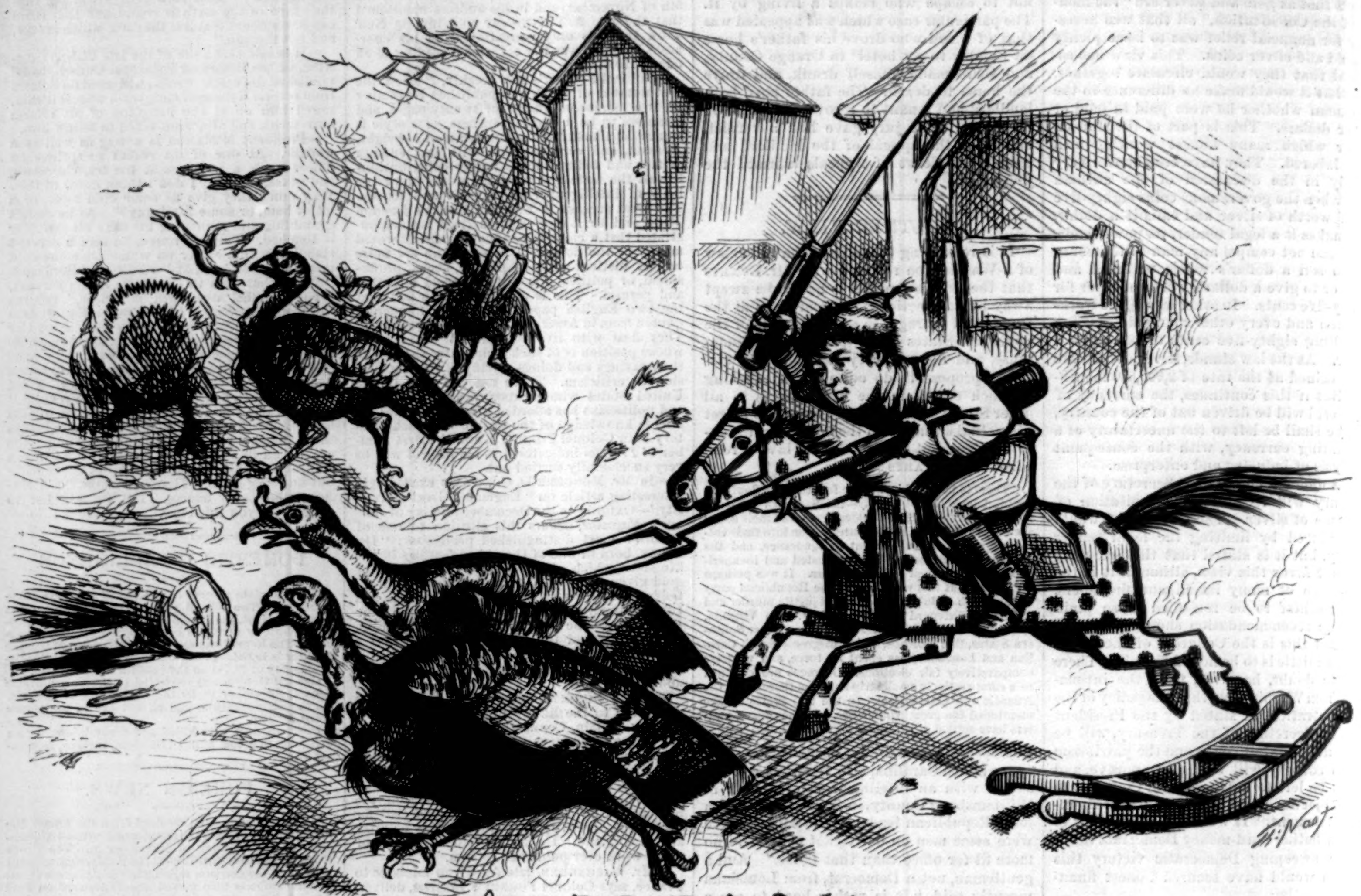
The Austrian Red Book comprises documents showing that Turkey officially organized and fostered resistance to the Austrian occupation of Bosnia, sent regular troops disguised as Bashi-Bazouks into Bosnia, organized the Albanian League, and, after these preparations for insurrection, broke off the negotiations regarding the convention.

Thirteen of the oldest and most influential citizens of Lemberg, Austria, were mortally wounded, November 17, during a disturbance between the police and a procession in honor of Deputy Hänsuer, which had been prohibited by the authorities.

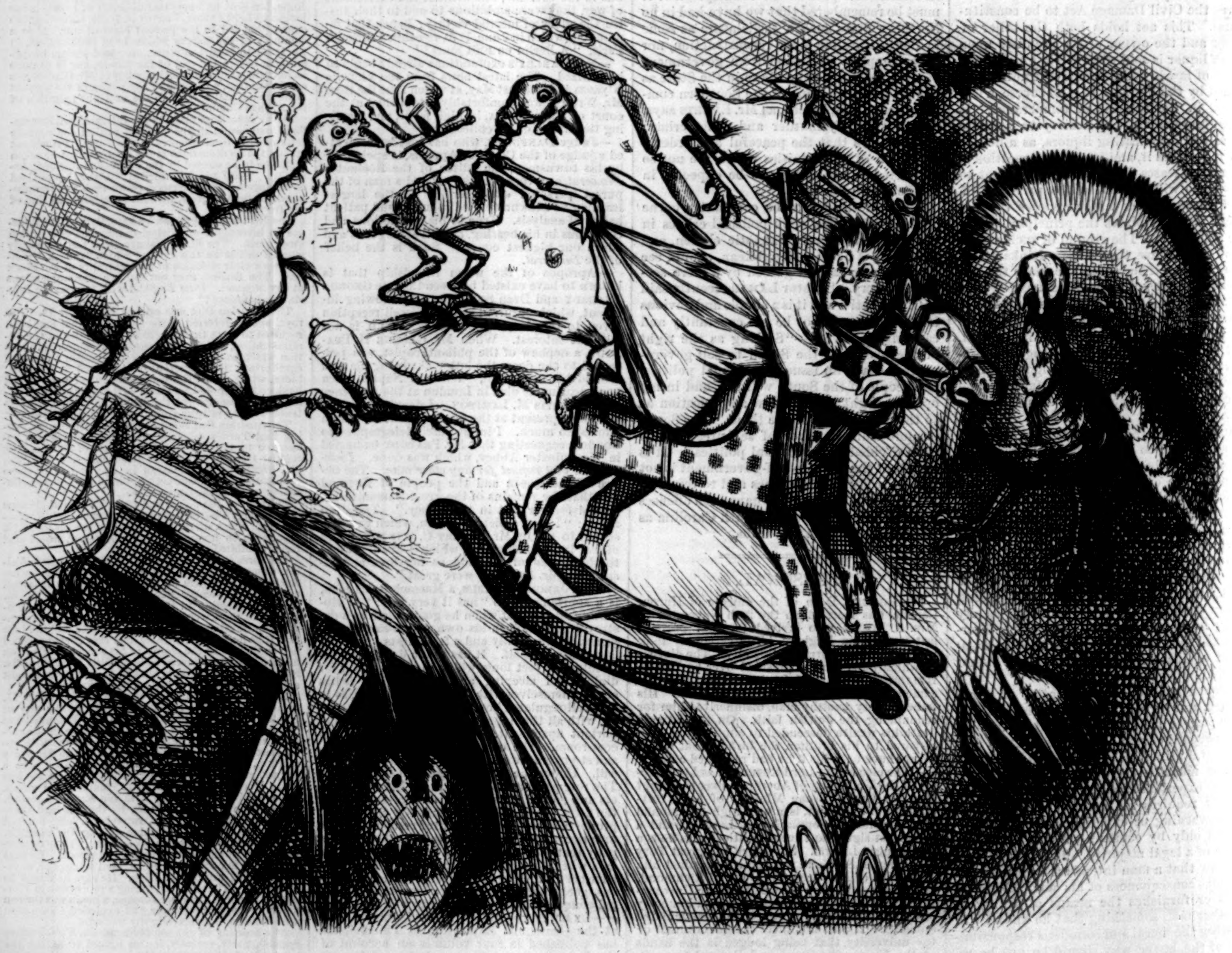
The three Conservative candidates—M. Oscar de Vallée, Comte d'Haussonville, and M. Baragnon—were elected life members of the French Senate by small majorities November 15.—During the debate on M. Fourtou's election in the Chamber of Deputies, November 18, there were some violent scenes, which reached a frantic climax when the ex-minister told the Left that if he had done his whole duty they perhaps would not be there. In the course of his speech M. Fourtou declared that he accepted responsibility for all his acts. Subsequently M. De Fourtou and M. Gambetta fought a duel with pistols, but neither party was hurt.

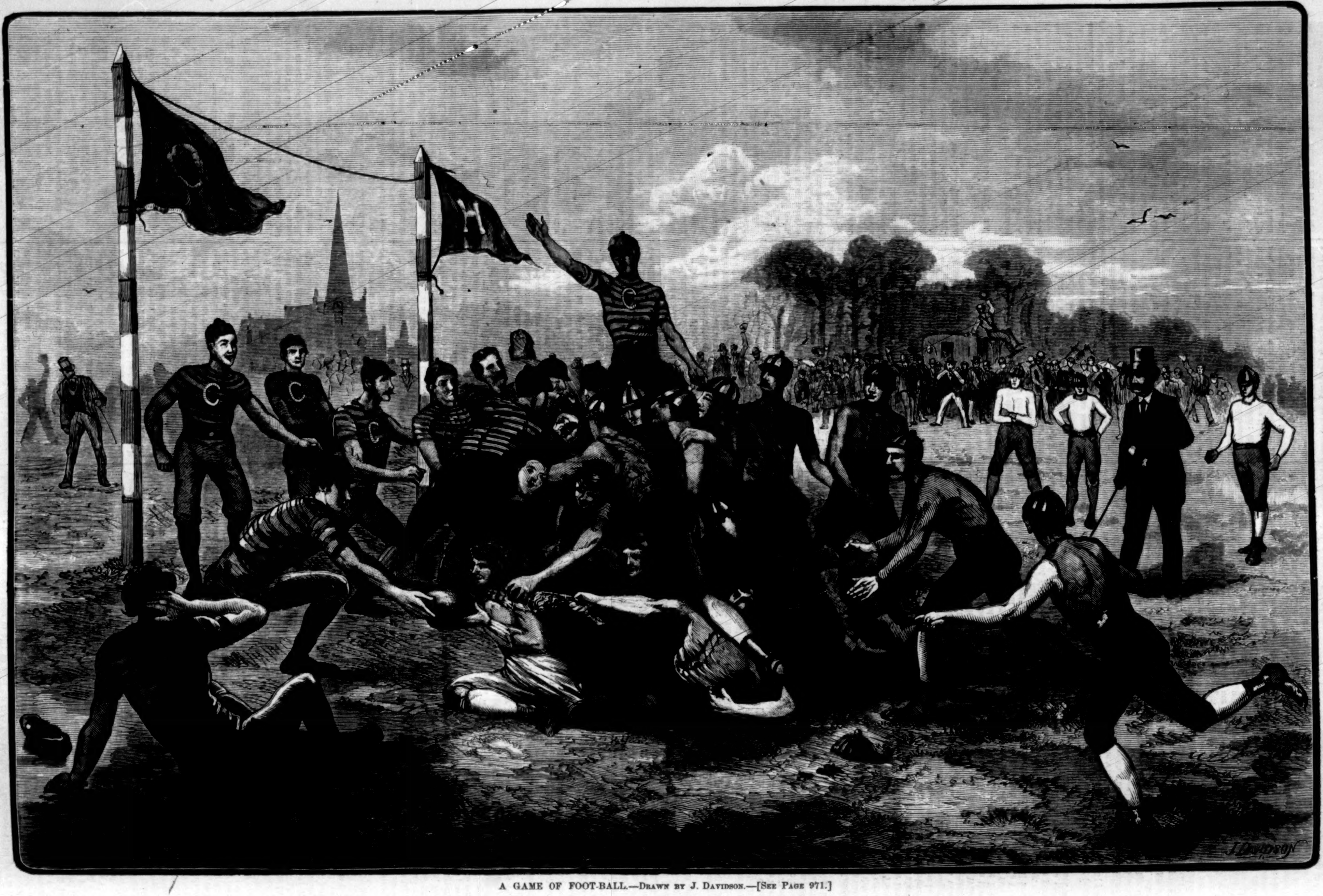
An unsuccessful attempt was made, November 17, to assassinate King Humbert of Italy in the city of Naples. Queen Margaret, Prince Victor Emanuel, and Signor Cairoli, Chief of the Ministry, were in the carriage at the time. The streets were crowded with enthusiastic people, and a halt was made to receive a petition, when a man rushed upon the King with a dagger, and succeeded in slightly scratching his left arm. The King displayed great coolness, and struck the assassin on the head with his sheathed sword. Signor Cairoli seized the man by the hair and grappled desperately with him, receiving a long but not deep wound on the left thigh during the struggle. The assassin was immediately arrested. He is twenty-nine years of age, and by occupation a cook. He says he belongs to no political society, but being poor, nourished hatred toward the King. He says he meant to finish him. The next day, during a procession in Florence in honor of the King's escape, a bomb was thrown among a corps of veterans, and exploded. Two men were killed and several slightly wounded.

At a meeting of the old Moderado, or Conservative Spanish party, recently, it was agreed to accept the principle of religious equality.



A DREAM;
BEFORE AND AFTER THANKSGIVING DINNER.





A GAME OF FOOT-BALL.—Drawn by J. Davidson.—[See Page 971.]

THE WOUNDED KNIGHT.

FROM HEINE.

I KNOW of an ancient story:
Heart-wounded there lies alone
A rider of knightly glory,
For faithless his love is grown.

As faithless must he condemn her,
The light of his loving eyes,
And this is his sad dilemma,
His pain he must despise.

He might in the lists declare him,
'Mong riders of knightly fame:
"Now may he for combat prepare him
Who soileth my true love's name."

But to meet him no rider goeth,
In silence they stand apart,
He must turn the lance that he throweth
'Gainst his own accusing heart.

A BATTLE IN THE CLOUDS.

THE spirited engraving on our first page shows a young Indian brave in fierce battle with a gray eagle. The field of contest is the summit of a lofty mountain, and the prize for which the human savage risks his life—for a gray eagle is no mean antagonist—is the rich spoil of magnificent feathers so dear to the heart of every Indian. He uses them for many purposes—to decorate his head-dress, his robes, his leggings, and to give accuracy to the deadly flight of his arrows. For the latter purpose they are split lengthwise. They are rarely used whole in decoration, the Indians displaying considerable skill in combining portions of differently colored feathers so as to produce an effect pleasing to the barbaric taste.

The young brave in our picture appears to have lured his eagle to the place where he himself was lying concealed in the brush-wood by means of a rabbit securely tied to the trunk of a fallen tree. Attacking the king of birds with his "coup" stick, instead of with the rifle or the bow, is probably an act of bravado, to display his prowess for the admiration of some dusky coquette of the forest.

A THANKSGIVING QUERY.

"GREAT land o' Goshen!" said old Joe Comstock, "what I want to know is, what's the use o' Thank'givin' when there ain't nothin' to be thankful for? And where's the good o' runnin' arter an onsartainty? A rollin' stone gathers no moss."

"And a gangin' foot is aye gettin'," said Si Pettingill, the country store-keeper. Not but that he agreed with his old friend Joe in deploring the wickedness and willfulness of his only son's leaving the homestead and going out West. Si Pettingill hated to see an extra wrinkle in his neighbor's fine and florid face, who was only known as old Joe because there was a young Joe grown to manhood. It was only a week before Thanksgiving, and a queer time for extra wrinkles, but Si couldn't afford to lose an opportunity for proving his knowledge of proverbs, and combating the oracular prophecy of one by that of another. The country store was the high centre of argument. No subject was too solemn or too frivolous, too high or too low, too light or too profound, for discussion. The summer was done, and the harvest was ended, and although the weather was too warm to admit of a fire in the big cylinder of sheet-iron that stood the year round as a rallying-point for the controversies of the country, it began to be noticeable that more tobacco was bought and used in that vicinity than for many a month back, and the arm-chairs and barrel heads began to be occupied.

"They do say," said Monk, the miller, "that the heft and richness o' grain out there is most amazin', and the sile is that soft you can put yer arm clean down to yer elbow in it. If I was 's young 's Joe—" And here the miller paused, for his friend the farmer brought his hand down heavily on an adjacent box of soap.

"And ain't his own land rich enough? Look at that there ten-acre field o' corn, and look at them punkins! Though, for that matter, where's the use o' corn for turkeys, or turkeys for Thank'givin', if a man's own flesh and blood flies in the face o' Providence like my Joe?"

"He ain't goin' before Thank'givin', surely?"

"He calkilates to start to-morrow night," said the farmer, dolefully.

Then the group about the store expectorated with mournful precision, and shook their heads, and hoped he wouldn't regret such a precipitate abandonment of this world's blessings. Old Joe Comstock untied his fine pair of mules, and went jolting away to the Comstock farm, followed by the sympathizing remarks of his neighbors. And as the dust rolled away, another vehicle was seen approaching, a high-seated jaunty affair with yellow wheels, drawn by a long, clean-limbed creature that was out of sight before his points could be well discussed and criticised. In truth, the good folks upon the porch of the country store were more interested in the couple that were seated fashionably aloft upon the gay box of the wagon. A fleeting vision of laughing blue eyes, and yellow curls wantoning with the November wind, and the pale dark face of a stranger in close proximity to these charms, caused the wise heads upon the porch to wag again with melancholy unison.

"'Tain't the natur' of the sile that young Joe complains of," said one.

"Nor yet the corn, nor the punkins," said another; "it's that he ain't got the stomach for 'em he used to hev before that city fellow broke his wagon in front of the widow Benson's door, and took a notion to Kitty."

"And I swan to man ef the widow ain't that set up about it she's hevin' black Sam to do her fall whitewashin'."

"She'd better not count her chickens before they're hatched. That fellow don't mean to marry Kitty Benson; she'll fall between two stools, that'swh at Kitty'll do. She'll get shet of Joe, and lose this city chap, after all. Joe was in dead earnest, poor fellow, but this chap's only foolin'."

Which was not altogether true. The "city chap" had begun perhaps in rather a trifling mood. He considered the remarkable interest which he took in this little rustic was all due to his artistic perceptions. About six weeks before, in passing through the village, his horse had stumbled upon a big bowlder in front of the widow's door, and one of the yellow wheels had come to grief. It was the most natural thing in the world for Mr. Morton to knock at the nearest door, and equally natural that the widow should ask him in. Kitty lay sound asleep, with her curly head on the kitchen table, all the yellow tangle of it tumbled carelessly about the exquisite line of her brow and curve of her rounded cheek. Her brown lashes just merged into the flush upon her face, and her red lips were parted, showing the white even teeth within. Mr. Morton was suddenly seized with a colorist's enthusiasm. The low-ceiled room, with its wooden rafters smoke-seasoned richly, the quaint, primitive furniture about him, the ruddy face and rustic attire of the widow as she held the candle so that it shone full upon the sleeping girl—all these impressed Mr. Morton's mind, entirely, as he believed, from an ideal point of view. He wished an artist friend of his might be there at the moment; he might make a pretty little penny by the inspiration; the whole thing was one of those happy little effects that a Greuze could make a masterpiece of.

"Laws a mercy!" said the widow, with kindly curiosity, "there ain't nobody hurt, I hope?"

"Only the wagon wheel," said Mr. Morton.

"And you want to git to town? Well, now, I reckon Joe Comstock must be up and about yet. I saw a light at the farm a bit ago. If Joe's up, he'll take you down to the railroad."

"Does every body go to bed here at night-fall?" said Mr. Morton, taking out his watch, but finding it hard to withdraw his eyes long enough from that picture in the candle-light to look at the time. "It can't be eight o'clock."

"Well, you see, the young folks went chestnutting to-day, and they're about tuckered out; but if you'll wait a minute, I'll get a lantern, so's you can pick your way down the back lane. That's a short-cut to the Comstock farm; and if Joe's up, he'll take you down reasonable. He can't be done his chores yet."

"I hope he'll bungle long enough about his chores to be up when I get there," said Mr. Morton.

He had not taken his eyes from the sleeping beauty, and was suddenly surprised to see her lift her head from her arm and open wide her eyes upon him, while the flush deepened in her face, and even stole down upon her throat and the white bit of her neck that was visible.

"Joe never bungles about any thing," she said.

"Is he a friend of yours?" said Mr. Morton, modulating his voice to a wonderfully gentle tone.

"Never mind what he is," replied Kitty, hotly; "but he's no bungler—of that you may be sure."

Here she slipped away and vanished up a dark little staircase, and suddenly all the charm went out of the picture.

"The central figure taken away," said Mr. Morton to himself, as he picked his way to the Comstock farm, "of course the whole effect is marred; but it was a fine interior—very fine."

That "central figure" followed Mr. Morton to the farm, and all the way down to the railroad. He found Joe Comstock up and ready to accommodate him, and had to concede with Kitty that Joe was no bungler; there was a quick capacity about the sturdy hands that handled the reins, and a natural grace and vigor in all his movements—the little that he said was terse and to the point, but Mr. Morton found him taciturn and reserved after the first mile or two. He had ventured to speak of the inmates of the cottage.

"I think it probable the young girl was one of the nutting party of to-day," said Mr. Morton.

"More'n likely," said Joe.

"Isn't her name Benson?—Kitty Benson?"

"I shouldn't wonder if 'twas!" said Joe, and relapsed into gruff monosyllables. The road was rough and dark, and the drive was exceedingly disagreeable. Mr. Morton was glad to fall back upon his memory and imagination for amusement. The bit of interior he could recall vividly enough to reproduce to his friend Sydney that night, if he should happen to meet him at the reception. There was every shade of brown in the sketch, from the ochre in the rafters to the lighter tints in the girl's hair. Kitty had been asleep for three hours at least, and Joe Comstock was dreaming of her under his patchwork quilt, when Mr. Morton reached the city. It was long after midnight when he got to the reception, and at least one young heart there had lost all zest in the entertainment—two hearts, for an old one in the vicinity had grown exceedingly heavy as the hours wore away.

"It's strange Mr. Morton don't come, Madeline," Mrs. Van Vleet said to her daughter.

"Yes, mamma," said poor Madeline.

"Didn't he say he would be here, Madeline?"

"Oh yes, mamma; please don't say any more about it;" and then the elder lady walked majestically away, the feathers upon her head nodding in mournful unison with her thoughts. And at that moment Mr. Morton entered, making his way to a group of exquisitely dressed and beautiful women, who received him with enthusiasm: there really were so very few available parties that season, and Mr. Morton was so unexceptionable in every way, and had shown some decided inclination to "range himself," and make somebody comfortable in their mind about the wretchedly uncertain and procrastinating future. He was still in the market, though his attentions had been rather pronounced of late to Miss Van Vleet; but she was cold and reserved, and must take her chance—the tournament was open to all; so all these beautiful women fluttered their fans, and in their softly modulated musical voices said charming things to the tardy arrival. But Mr. Morton, with many a winning smile and whispered compliment, went listlessly by. His face wore that vacuous and bored expression which is considered in society an evidence of cultivation, but in truth it was only that he was still absorbed in artistic reflections. He went on to the further end of the room, where in feverish, haughty, uncompromising but agonizing reserve sat Miss Van Vleet. Her mother had nudged and frowned and beckoned, all to no purpose, when Mr. Morton entered the room.

"You can at least allow yourself to be seen," said her mother, acrimoniously.

"If he wants me, he can find me," said Madeline, with a sharp pang of fear and distrust, which deepened when at last he reached her side, and said, in the most commonplace way in the world,

"Did you save that waltz for me?" And when she looked up in his face with a thrill of delight, and found no response there, only that vague, listless, dreamy expression, her own beautiful face grew almost haggard with the intensity of her emotion; it was all she could do to keep the hot, wretched tears out of her eyes.

"Why are you so absent to-night?" she said at last. "What is it you are thinking of?" And then, as they were whirling—no, not whirling, but languidly stepping about—in the waltz, he told her of his accident, and described to her minutely the bit of interior which had so charmed him.

"The queer, quaint old room," he went on to say, "with its smoke-colored rafters, and the country-woman holding the lamp over the beautiful sleeper, was something striking in its way; and when the eyes were opened and full of opaline and changing lights, brought about, no doubt, by the effect of the candle, I assure you it was delightful. I was really glad, Miss Van Vleet, that a matter of pure art should so occupy and divert my mind under the vexatious circumstances. And there is Sydney now—you'll excuse me, won't you, if I go over to him?"

Certainly she would excuse him. What else could the poor girl do?

Mr. Morton led Madeline to her mother, and that ponderous female eagerly whispered: "Has he spoken, Madeline—only tell me, dear, has he spoken?"

"Of course not, mamma; how could he, in the waltz?"

"He was talking so earnestly. I never saw him quite so earnest before. I thought perhaps he had spoken."

You see that word "spoken" was so much—so vexatiously much! A man could talk the core of a woman's heart out, and yet at the end of it all not have "spoken."

"He is talking just as earnestly with Mr. Sydney now, mamma; he is interested in art just now." The bitterness in the voice of her daughter tinged acridly the thoughts of poor Mrs. Van Vleet.

"I shall not accept the colonel's invitation for Thanksgiving," she said, dolefully. In the mean while Mr. Morton was endeavoring generously to give his friend Sydney the subject for a sketch, and the artist was listening with that quizzical, amused air that was characteristic of him.

"See here, Morton," said Sydney at last, "a horseshoe is a sign of good luck, and your steed shed one, it appears, at the door of this rustic beauty. I believe your heart followed it. Go in and win, old fellow, and then send for me to paint her portrait. I'm not much given to interiors."

Shortly after that Mr. Morton took leave of his acquaintances in general, and Madeline in particular, and was soon tossing in his luxurious bed, dreaming in unison with the simple rustic under the patchwork quilt at the farm. It was not the dark eyes or carefully manipulated locks of Miss Van Vleet that flitted through the dreams of Mr. Morton: half-opened eyes of blue, and dishevelled curly locks, colored and arranged by the wind and the sun, haunted him as they did poor Joe.

Joe awoke the next morning and resolved once for all to make an end to these witcheries that half maddened as they gladdened him. He would pluck up courage and settle the matter, so that his dreams might be savored with sober certainty. He knew that no great obstacles lay in his way. His folks were willing, and so were hers; there was nobody to say him nay but Kitty herself, and he wasn't much afraid of that. It was only the pesky bother of getting it over with. What was the use of it, anyway? His people knew, and hers did, and Kitty must know—she couldn't help it: now where was the good of keeping a fellow on a hot gridiron? The very thoughts of coming right out with it made him hot all over, and he guessed he'd wait a day or two. There was the ten-acre field to stack, and by that time Joe was wild to see Kitty; and thinking it all over that October day as he gave an extra pull and twist to the last green binding, and found the whole sweet October afternoon before him, and looking about him with a big throb of tenderness that embraced the brown rich earth, and the blue sky with the light diaphanous clouds that dipped lazily down, and the yellow ears of corn that peeped at him from their snug nests in the cones of leaves, and the yellower pumpkins that gathered about his feet, and the far twitter of the swallows in the eaves of his red-roofed home—that embraced even Kitty herself, half a mile away—Joe's heart was full, and he got courage, and if he'd only gone there and then and asked Kitty, all might have been well; but he must needs go home and don his Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes for the occasion, which took half the heart out of his resolve, and in the mean while a long-limbed horse was making quick work of the road that led to Kitty's door, and a man who was easy in his Sunday clothes every day in the week was bent upon the same decision. The stiff collar rasped Joe's neck as he went slowly to the village; his coat was too tight in the sleeves; he grew redder and redder, till he knew that the doomed Thanksgiving turkey gobbler's comb was nothing to him; the perspiration rolled from his honest rubicund face, and he began to wish he'd find Kitty out when he got there: he could talk to her mother, and she could talk to Kitty, and it would come kind of easier somehow. And suddenly he stepped aside; there was a rush of wheels in his ears, high yellow wheels, and a vision of somebody hailing him politely, somebody with an easy way of wearing good clothes, and something about him that would have persuaded Joe to take off his hat to him if he hadn't been too mad and flustered and curious and afraid. Joe went moodily on, and suddenly his scarlet face grew pale and the blood in his veins grew cold, when before Kitty's door he saw the high-wheeled newly mended wagon of the city fellow he had driven to the railroad the other night, and his long-limbed newly shod horse pawing the ground before Kitty's gate; and presently out came Kitty herself, shawled and hooded, her eyes sparkling, her cheeks glowing, and beside her was the stranger, who nodded pleasantly to Joe. Kitty nodded kindly too, he thought, and it seemed to him Mrs. Benson called to him to come in. Joe wouldn't be certain about these things. His head whirled around as Kitty drove away; it seemed to him the whole world took a somersault, and left him sick and sore, so that he could just get strength to crawl home to the farm, and doff his Sunday clothes, throw them in a heap on the bed, himself upon them, and there lie through the long October afternoon, the prey to a misery he had never dreamed of.

The sun went down, the fowls went to roost, and an old hoary owl that might have had more heart laughed mockingly at Joe through his bedroom window. And then Joe, who dawdled so over the asking for a sweetheart, made up his mind quickly enough to more rueful work, for that very night when he went down to supper, and never ate a mouthful, he declared to the good folks assembled there that he intended to go out West to settle—he was sick of the land hereabouts.

"What the plague's the matter with the land?" said his father. "It's the same as 'twas yesterday, and then you talked of ploughin' up the meadow next spring, and drainin' the gully, and the Lord knows what and all. What's come to you now, Joe?"

Alas! what, indeed, had come to poor Joe? He never made the least effort to regain his footing with Kitty. He gave up all hope of the sweet future that had seemed to him his birthright. To marry Kitty Benson, and settle down on the old homestead as his father and grandfather had done before him, seemed as natural to Joe as seed-time and harvest. He never had the slightest desire to swerve from the somewhat tame and monotonous life these people led from year to year. Even now his soul was yearning for it, when it was full of rebellion and riot, and bent upon breaking down every barrier that lay between the big tumultuous waves within him and those of the unknown world beyond.

The weary days went on, each of them heavier and more desolate. In fair weather or foul Joe walked and wandered, aimless, listless, and forlorn, choosing the most desolate places, shunning and forbidding all companionship of man or beast.

"There's that roan colt," said old Joe Comstock, "that was like the apple of his eye to Joe; it ain't no more to him now than a polecat. And if 'twa'n't for me the hull o' that ten-acre field might ha' gone to thunder with rot and mould. Don't talk to me o' Thank'givin'; when one's own flesh and blood turns agin you that way, what is there to be thankful for?"

It was well on in November, and the landscape was somewhat sere and worn. The day was waning, and it seemed to Mr. Morton as they drove along that the warmth had all fled from the scene about them and nestled in Kitty's hair. There was a subdued and timid expression in her face that lent it an unusual charm. The curves about her mouth drooped like those of an aggrieved child, and she had not spoken a word for the last mile or two. Mr. Morton could hesitate no longer. It would be an easy thing, he thought, to wear away the usual exuberant gayety that detracted from Kitty's present charm of manner. What could be sweeter, more lady-like, and prim than her down-cast eyes, the droop of her sweet lips, and the half-regretful shadow upon her face? With just one little sigh for poor Madeline Van Vleet, he shifted the reins to one hand, and with the other took from his vest pocket a ring. A yellow beam of the setting sun caught the gem, and it suddenly shone like a star. Kitty's eyes began to glisten in unison; but she drew back as he caught her hand.

"Nay, darling," he said, tenderly, "do not tremble; it is yours. You know that I love you; you will be my little wife—"

But in the mean while the long-limbed animal, which had been somewhat restive, and required the two hands of his driver, took advantage of this little by-play and accelerated his speed. Mr. Morton had not time to put the ring upon Kitty's resisting finger, when he found his horse pulling heavily upon the reins. He determined to sell this heedless brute of his. The thought lay heavily upon his now ardent sensibilities that this sweet girl by his side he had never yet held to his heart, nor had her sweet lips been given to his own, and now the moment was gone, and the joy was still denied him, for the horse went plunging on. A curve of the road brought the cottage in sight. Black Sam was still whitewashing—great Heaven! not the big bowlder? Yes, nothing less; he had some whitewash to spare, and he was lathering it thick upon this rock in the road, making it seem big as a mountain. Mr. Morton's face grew pale, and not too soon—the evil was upon him in the instant he had feared it: the horse plunged back upon his haunches, his fine ears stood erect, his clean-cut limbs trembled; then with one bound he sped along, grazing the white phantom in the road, and disappearing in a cloud of dust. Mr. Morton clung to the reins, and Kitty clung to Mr. Morton. The widow Benson looked after them with clasped hands and straining eyes, while black Sam, now almost white with whitewash and terror, held his brush aloft in a mute appeal for Divine help in this dire extremity.

Mr. Morton knew now that nothing could save them. A few minutes—four at the furthest—and all would be over. The gully just below the Comstock farm was a bleak and dreary place, well fitted for the tragedy. He remembered a chestnut-tree that hung desolate and bare over its brink, and broken rocks and black pools of stagnant water lay below. Here would his strong bones splinter, and the deft and cunning mechanism at his side be rudely rent and distorted. In these few seconds, that seemed a parenthesis between time and eternity, a whole lifetime passed in regret and retrospection. To get rid of the reproachful eyes of Madeline, Mr. Morton shut his own; but Kitty's whole heart went out in a prayer to Joe—which was answered right on the brink of the gully by the melancholy shadow of Joe himself, that clutched at the head of the horse, was dragged onward a step or two, then pulled aside, and finally was left victor, the beast, quite subdued now and trembling, in a lather of foam. Mr. Morton was trembling as well as his beast, and it was difficult for him to quite understand the exact tenor of the scene before him. Kitty lay white and limp in Joe Comstock's arms; her hands were clasped about his neck; her hat was gone long ago, and her curly hair was all tumbled about her face, which was still as white as the accursed bowlder before her mother's door; and once in a while she sobbed out, "Joe! dear Joe!" and Joe soothed her, and held her closer, and murmured, "Kitty! dear Kitty!" and the yellow light of the waning November day catching the diamond again, it gleamed upon Kitty's finger, that lay caressingly upon the sturdy neck of Joe Comstock; and presently the little hand shifted about, and Kitty saw the gem too, and slipping down from the arms of Joe, and slipping, too, the ring from her finger, she held it out to Mr. Morton with that same shy, sad, subdued, and altogether irreproachable expression that he had admired a few miserable moments since.

"Keep it, Kitty," said Mr. Morton; "keep it in any case. You'll allow her to accept this little present, won't you, Joe?"

"If it's all the same, I'd as lief she didn't," said Joe, with honest simplicity.

And I'm glad Kitty didn't get the ring; she could well do without it, and there was a slim and tapering finger far away that had grown slimmer and more tapering for lack of this gem. The night of the accident it lay listlessly in the lap of Miss Van Vleet, and it did not seem from the apathy of her face and manner that any thing could induce her to lift that fair, frail finger. The bell rang, but hope had cheated her so often, not a hair of her beautiful head or a muscle moved in response. She had ceased to expect the visitor she coveted, and all others were indifferent to her.

"I am so glad," said a voice, "to find you alone, Madeline."

The voice was so tender it made her heart beat, although she knew how deceptive that tenderness might be. How sweet it was, nevertheless!

Another organ began to thump in the room above, and the mild mahogany of Mrs. Van Vleet's complexion deepened with anxiety and suspense as the important moments wore away. At last the light step of her daughter was at the door, and Madeline's face told the story. It was radiant with joy.

"Has he spoken?" said her mother, in a husky whisper. "Great Heaven! has he indeed spoken?"

"Yes, mamma," said Madeline, toying tenderly with a brilliant gem upon her finger.

"Thank God!" said Mrs. Van Vleet, devoutly. "Then I will immediately accept the colonel's invitation for Thanksgiving."

"And by the hokey!" said old Joe Comstock, "we'll have a Thank'givin' yet. I'm blest if that there boy o' mine didn't say last night, 'Pappy,' sez he, 'we'll begin a fence down by that there gully, and drain the hull marsh by this time next year;' and I jest nodded, for I couldn't speak when I found that there Western scheme o' his had gone to thunder; and, gentlemen, I'm open to a treat all round; but I ask it, in all honesty, what *is* Thank'givin' if there ain't nothin' to be thankful for?"

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

DECEMBER.

Sunday,	8.—Second Sunday in Advent.
Sunday,	15.—Third Sunday in Advent.
Saturday,	21.—St. Thomas the Apostle.
Sunday,	22.—Fourth Sunday in Advent.
Wednesday,	25.—Christmas-day.
Thursday,	26.—St. Stephen the Martyr.
Friday,	27.—St. John the Evangelist.
Saturday,	28.—The Holy Innocents.
Sunday,	29.—First Sunday after Christmas.

The newspapers of Europe are talking freely of the manner of the death of the late Cardinal Franchi, and express their suspicions of foul play. The Cologne *Gazette* has this to say: "The death of Cardinal Franchi occurred with all the symptoms precisely identical with those which were proved in the death of Clement XIV. And here at Rome, in the very highest classes of society, and especially in diplomatic society, the conviction is that his death was hastened by artificial means." The *Popolo Romano* is more specific. "The day," it says, "in which Cardinal Franchi, in opposition to our excellent Signor Conforti, created the Abbot San Felice Archbishop of Naples was certainly an unfortunate day for him. The cardinal, till that day healthy and full of life, was immediately struck by that disease which carried him suddenly to the grave." Rumors of this kind appeared immediately after Franchi's death; that they should not have quickly died away is evidence of deep distrust. Under the law of papal guarantees no *post-mortem* examination can be made by the civil authorities of the body of any official occupant of the Vatican.

The New Haven School Board have rejected the proposition for a compromise scheme of religious worship in the schools under their care. The scheme has already been described in this column. The Board have decided, with but one dissenting vote, to adhere to the simple service which has been in use during many years.

The centenary of the founding of Sunday-schools by Robert Raikes is to be commemorated in England by an International Sunday-school Convention. The time fixed upon is the year 1880. It is also proposed to raise £25,000 as a permanent fund for the benefit of Sunday-schools.

Dean Bond, recently elected Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Montreal, may be said emphatically to be "of good report." He is a native of Cornwall, England, came to Newfoundland to enter business life, was persuaded to change his plans, and in time was ordained to the ministry. He has spent thirty years in connection with St. George's Church, Montreal, first as assistant, and then as rector. He has been especially zealous in Sunday-school work, in establishing city missions, and in promoting temperance. A Temperance Home for reformed men, a vigorous Young Men's Christian Association, a great Sunday-school, are the fruits of his zeal. He was elected bishop on the first ballot by a majority of each order.

The new American Baptist chapel in the city of Rome was opened on Saturday, November 2, with appropriate services. Its cost was $20,000. The ministers of all the evangelical denominations represented in the city were present, and took part in the proceedings of the day.

The Rev. Orby Shipley, an active and conspicuous member of the ritualistic party in the Church of England, has gone over to Rome. He was a prolific author, but never held a living. The *Whitehall Review* has published a list of Anglican clergymen and laymen who have of late years joined the Roman Catholic Church, with the following result: 200 Oxford graduates have gone over, 135 of the number clergymen, the rest laymen; of these, 92 have become Catholic priests. From Cambridge University 112 have gone over, 50 of them clergymen, and 62 laymen. According to the *Review*, besides these 185 Oxford and Cambridge men, 145 other clergymen have seceded to Rome, making a total of 330. One seceding clergyman has reached the mature age of seventy years.

The papers read at the Missionary Conference just held in London will be gathered into a volume; the valuable information furnished will therefore be preserved for future uses. The facts presented touch the condition, civil and religious, of the entire non-Christian world. Professor Legge, of the University of Oxford, and formerly a missionary to China, said that "at the rate of increase of Protestant missions for the last thirty years, there would be in thirty years more 26,000,000 church members and 100,000,000 adherents" in the Chinese Empire. The English state system of education in India was much criticised in the Conference, and also defended. The government spends each year in India on education £730,000. It is objected that the higher schools, being non-Christian, are training up a race of native infidels.

We are not all in this country only of yesterday; the Collegiate Dutch Church of New York city celebrated on Thursday, November 21, its 250th anniversary. In 1628 the Dutch dominie and the school-master—twin brothers in Protestantism—arrived here from Holland and began their work. The commemorative services were held in the church corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-ninth Street. Dr. Vermilye, the senior pastor, delivered the sermon; in the evening a public meeting was held, when addresses were delivered by ministers of various Protestant Churches.

At the New Jersey State Sunday-school Convention, held in Trenton, November 14, statistics were presented which showed 1873 schools in the State. The number of scholars was reported to be 179,526, and the regular attendance 122,722. Of the whole number of scholars 22,280 are members of churches.

The Baptists of Scotland number 8163, worshipping in eighty-one churches. They are associated in a union which has already erected fourteen chapels, with sittings for 10,000 persons, at a cost of £59,435.

In the face of the depression of trade in England the Wesleyans have determined to raise a "Thanksgiving Fund" of one million dollars. It was decided upon at the first Conference in which lay representatives were present, and will commemorate that event. The preliminary committee meetings have recently been held, and have arranged the distribution of the funds. The sum of £57,000 will be applied to the extinction of the debt of the Foreign and Home Mission and other departments of Church charity, £25,000 to the erection of a theological school in the Midland Counties of England, £23,000 to the extension of existing missions in Africa and the East, £40,000 to the fund for the extension of Methodism, £20,000 to the schools for ministers' children, and £10,000 for the establishment of lower middle-class schools. It is intended to complete the subscriptions by 1880, and the raising of the money by 1881.

M. Bardoux, the French Minister of Public Worship, is looking into the facts in relation to the religious corporations of France. He has done this upon the order of the Assembly; and finds, as every one knew, that many of them are unauthorized by law. Of the religious orders of men having a legal sanction there are in France 5, with 115 houses and 2148 members; there are 4 other authorized male religious communities, with 84 members. There are 224 orders of women, with 2450 houses and 93,215 members. Besides, there are diocesan communities of women numbering 16,741 persons; all these have legal sanction. There are 381 religious houses for men, with 7444 members, and 602 for women, with 14,000 members, unauthorized by law. The Christian Brothers, who are also acting without legal sanction, have 20,341 members in France, and teach 3096 schools. The report, which fills a volume of 415 pages, is suspected by the ultramontanes to be preliminary to an attack on the religious orders, especially the Jesuits. The *Défense*, one of the Church organs, says that the "Radical party is already designating those congregations which are to fall beneath its blows, and which are, in fact, nearly all, and proclaiming their expulsion as one of the first tasks which will devolve upon the Deputies."

The Methodist Episcopal Mission Committee, at its meeting in this city on November 1 and the following days, voted to appropriate $575,000 for foreign and domestic missions in 1879. The debt now remaining—$169,000—will be apportioned to the annual Conferences at the rate of $95,000 for the coming year. Of the total appropriation, $275,000 will be devoted to foreign and $228,000 to domestic missions. During the year just closed the indebtedness of the treasury was reduced $51,452.

More light has been thrown upon the question of the working of the prohibition of the sale of liquors in Maine by some correspondence which appears in the New York *Observer* of November 21. The Rev. Dr. Warren, editor of the *Christian Mirror*, of Portland, furnishes the statements of the Governor of the State and other officers, originally prepared for transmission to a committee of the British House of Lords. Governor Conner says: "There is now no organized opposition to it [prohibition] in the State. I do not think the people of Maine would for any consideration go back to the old policy of license." The present United States Senators and Representatives in Congress say, "The law is now as easily and thoroughly enforced as that for the prevention and punishment of any other and similar crimes, and we can sincerely affirm that it is a success." The sheriff of Cumberland County, in which is the city of Portland, testifies that "the law is firmly supported by public opinion." These testimonies, given under circumstances which demand a careful weighing of each witness's words, are entitled to consideration.

A GAME OF FOOT-BALL.

Our picture on page 969 represents a point in the game when one side has forced the ball almost to the opposite goal, and both teams, excepting goal-keepers, close in and try to force the other back by main strength. During this struggle the opponents can not be touched with the hand, except the one holding the ball. In our illustration the lad holding the ball has succeeded (at the expense of a shirt) in wriggling out of the "scrummage," and is handing the ball to one of his "half backs," who will "touch it down" behind the goal for safety, thus securing a breathing-space and a new trial.

The game requires speed, wind, and judgment, and if properly played, according to the revised rules, it is not dangerous.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Since the shocking desecration of the grave of the late Alexander T. Stewart, hundreds—and perhaps we might say thousands—of letters in regard to the mysterious robbery have been received by Judge Hilton and Mrs. Stewart. Some of these appear to be written in good faith, and offer advice and suggestions in regard to the recovery of the body, or give some clew considered of value; but the majority of these epistles are worthless except as curiosities. As such they possess a certain interest. Many of them contain offers to restore the stolen body for a specified sum, varying from $5000 to $1,000,000. If half of this class have any truthful foundation, scores and scores of miscreants must have taken part in the robbery. Many are from clairvoyants, spiritualists, and dreamers, who hold themselves ready to tell where the remains may be found—for a suitable consideration. One writer says that his opinion is "that the Jews have something to do with this affair;" another asserts that the corpse "is in the hands of priests;" a third, that certain of the "New York police" instigated the robbery; a fourth, that "a woman [name mentioned] paid all the expenses of the thieves;" a fifth, that "the body is in a cellar on Murray Hill;" a sixth, that "it has never been removed from the vault," and so on indefinitely. One offers, if met "alone, between eight and nine o'clock P.M.," at an appointed place, to give important information, "without reward;" another says, "When a reward of $1,000,000 shall be paid, and perfect *immunity* from prosecution be most thoroughly guaranteed, then, and not till then, shall we for an instant entertain any idea of opening negotiations," etc. One party pathetically writes to Mrs. Stewart: "Believe me, it was the earnest, honest desire to stop the cries of our hungry babes that incited us to do you this wrong," and goes on to state that six professional men performed the deed, and that their price for returning the remains is "$5000 per man." This writer gratuitously adds: "We are not bad men. We are especially anxious that no harm shall come to society from this." Of course all communications which contain any valuable suggestions have been welcome. Although many sensational stories have been circulated, no important discoveries have been made public, up to this present writing, which would identify the perpetrators of this outrage or lead to the recovery of the body. But that the utmost efforts will be continued to bring the criminals to justice there is no doubt.

A museum of decorative art is now being arranged in a gallery in the Pavilion de Flore at the Tuileries. A large number of articles purchased at the Exhibition will form the nucleus of this gallery, which will be somewhat like that of South Kensington.

English journals speak strongly in regard to the bad results to the people of the National Lottery connected with the Paris Exhibition. Millions of tickets have been issued, and there is to be one prize to every hundred tickets sold. The London *Daily News* truly says that "from the first to the last this lottery has not been a reputable business. It fills people's heads with foolish ideas about making their way to the goals of life by short-cuts. There can be no peace in the soul of a poor man who has seen his good friend become suddenly rich by the agency of a piece of pasteboard which cost tenpence. The recollection of this affair will imbitter the bread he eats, render him lax in his savings, half-hearted in his work, and compel him to discontent with his lot generally."

Harper's Magazine for December contains, as a Christmas feature, four old English poems—Ben Jonson's "Hymn on the Nativity," George Wither's "Christmas-Day," Coleridge's "Christmas Carol," and Fletcher's "Mercy's Appeal to God for Man." Each of these poems is accompanied by a fine illustration.

Fulton Fish Market, where for many years the great trade of this city in fish has been carried on, was recently partially destroyed by fire. The building—a long wooden one—was two stories in height, with an attic. The upper story and attic were the parts consumed. A fish market has existed on this site for more than sixty years, but the present building was erected in 1869. It is stated that in this one market about 4,000,000 pounds of fish are received every month.

During the past season 15,600 mothers and children were taken to the Sea-side Sanitarium at Rockaway Beach, at an expense of $4715 28. Of these, 1200 remained a week at the Sanitarium, the others a day or more. Five thousand dollars is wanted to complete the new building. During last winter the society gave relief to 1670 applicants, at a cost of $2752 78.

The Treasury Department has begun to purchase gold bullion at Denver, Colorado, directly from the miners. The department expects to buy about $20,000 a week for some time to come, and to extend its purchases to all the gold in the Black Hills country. It will pay the miners the full value of their gold, charging only the cost of assaying and sending it to Philadelphia to be coined. The miners will thus be saved the heavy charges hitherto made by brokers.

"Great ceremonies are necessary," says the *Railway News*, "to get a train off in Germany. When all is ready a bell rings. Then another bell rings. Then the engine whistles, or rather toot-toot-toots gently. Then the conductor tells the station-master that all is ready. Then the station-master looks placidly around and says, 'So?' Then the conductor shouts 'Fertig?' interrogatively. Then the station-master replies 'Fertig!' positively. Then the conductor blows a horn, the engine whistles, the bell rings, the other bell rings, the station-master says, 'So?' the passengers swear in various tongues, and the train starts. That is, unless there is a belated fat man; in which case, they do it all over again."

The investigations recently made by government officers into the adulterations of refined sugars have resulted in some surprising disclosures. Chemical analysis has shown that the sugars produced by many—we might almost say most—of the New York and Brooklyn refineries are adulterated. The principal substances introduced into the sugar are glucose (an article made from starch), tin, and muriatic acid. To say nothing of the fraud thus practiced, these foreign articles must be injurious to the health of consumers of sugar. Refined sirups are said also to contain poisonous adulterations. The matter is certainly one which deserves the most thorough investigation. Refiners who produce a pure article will not be injured, and those who do not should be exposed for the benefit of the public.

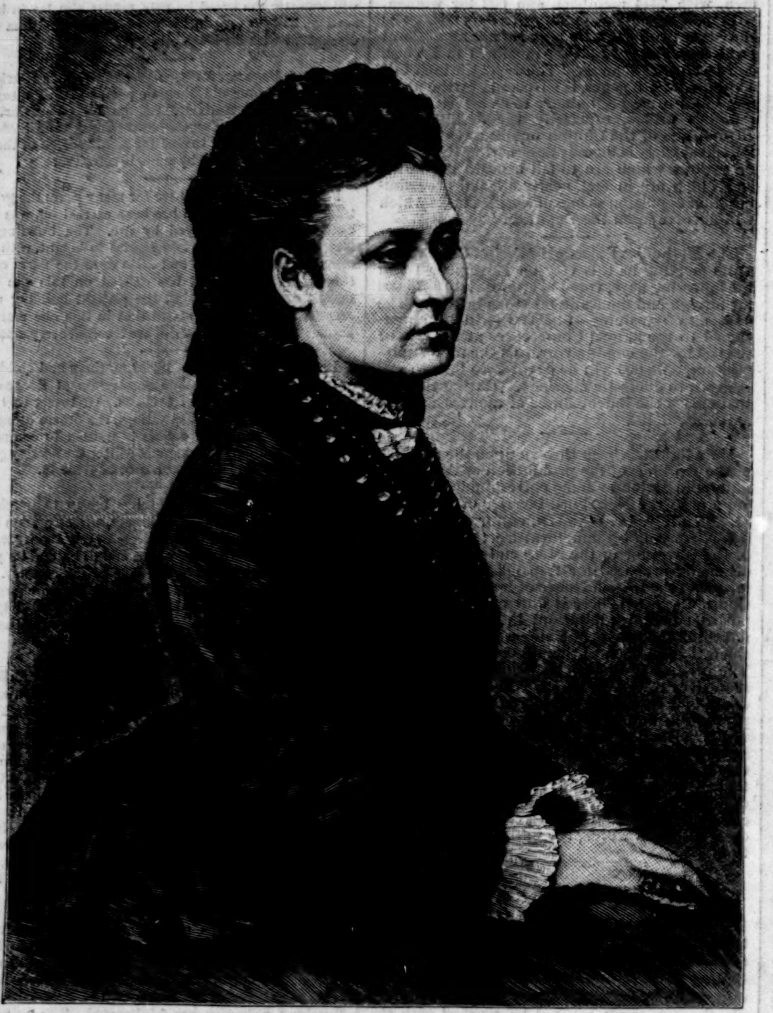
Two professional Italian *padrones* recently landed at Castle Garden with four boys who had been sold to them, it is alleged, by their parents, in a little village about twenty miles from Naples. The *padrones* were arrested by order of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. One of the Italians is said to have sold twenty boys in the West during the fall of 1876.

Before his death William Cullen Bryant expressed the desire that a public library be established in Roslyn. He made certain promises if this were accomplished, and one was the donation to the village of Bryant Hall when the library had attained certain proportions. The hall cost about $4000. Mr. Bryant's heirs are anxious to carry out his good intentions, and the citizens of Roslyn are anxious to receive the benefit of the donation. A meeting has been held and an association formed, to be called the Bryant Circulating Library Association.

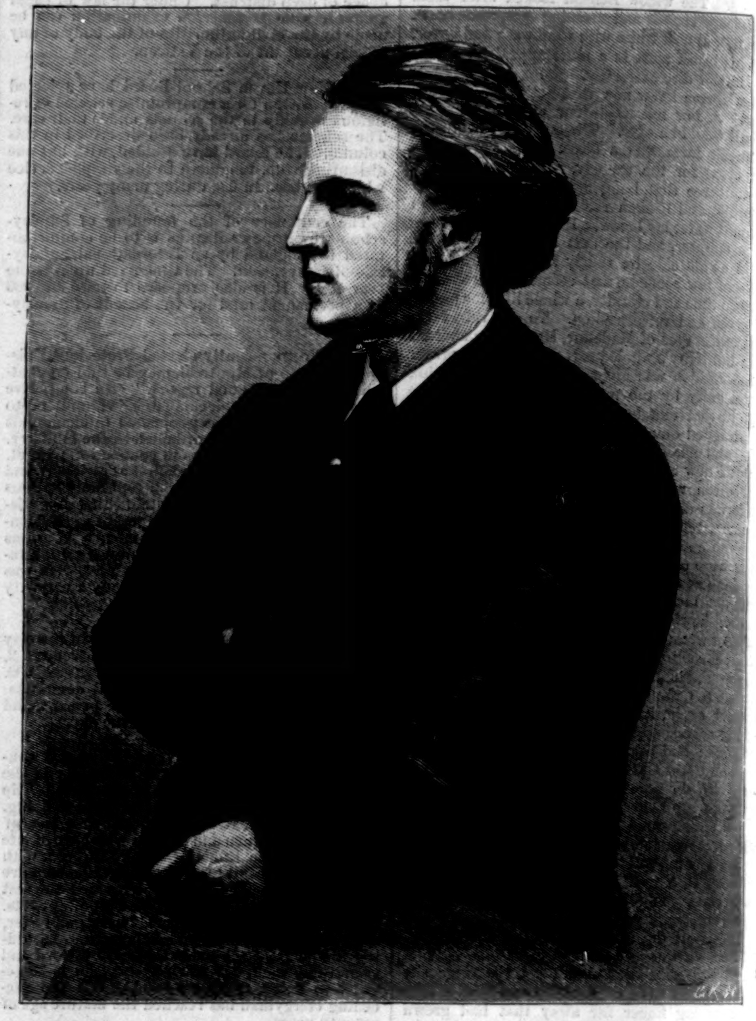
Complaint is made that deer are ruthlessly slaughtered in the Adirondack wilderness, during the fall months, by the use of dogs, in defiance of the game-laws, which prohibit the pursuit of deer with dogs at any time. It is said that at least four hundred deer have been daily killed during the fall months this year. At this rate, soon the deer will be wholly exterminated.

The recent attempt to assassinate King Humbert of Italy brings to mind numerous similar attacks or assassinations of kings and rulers. The New York *Herald* gives the following list, embracing a period of thirty years:

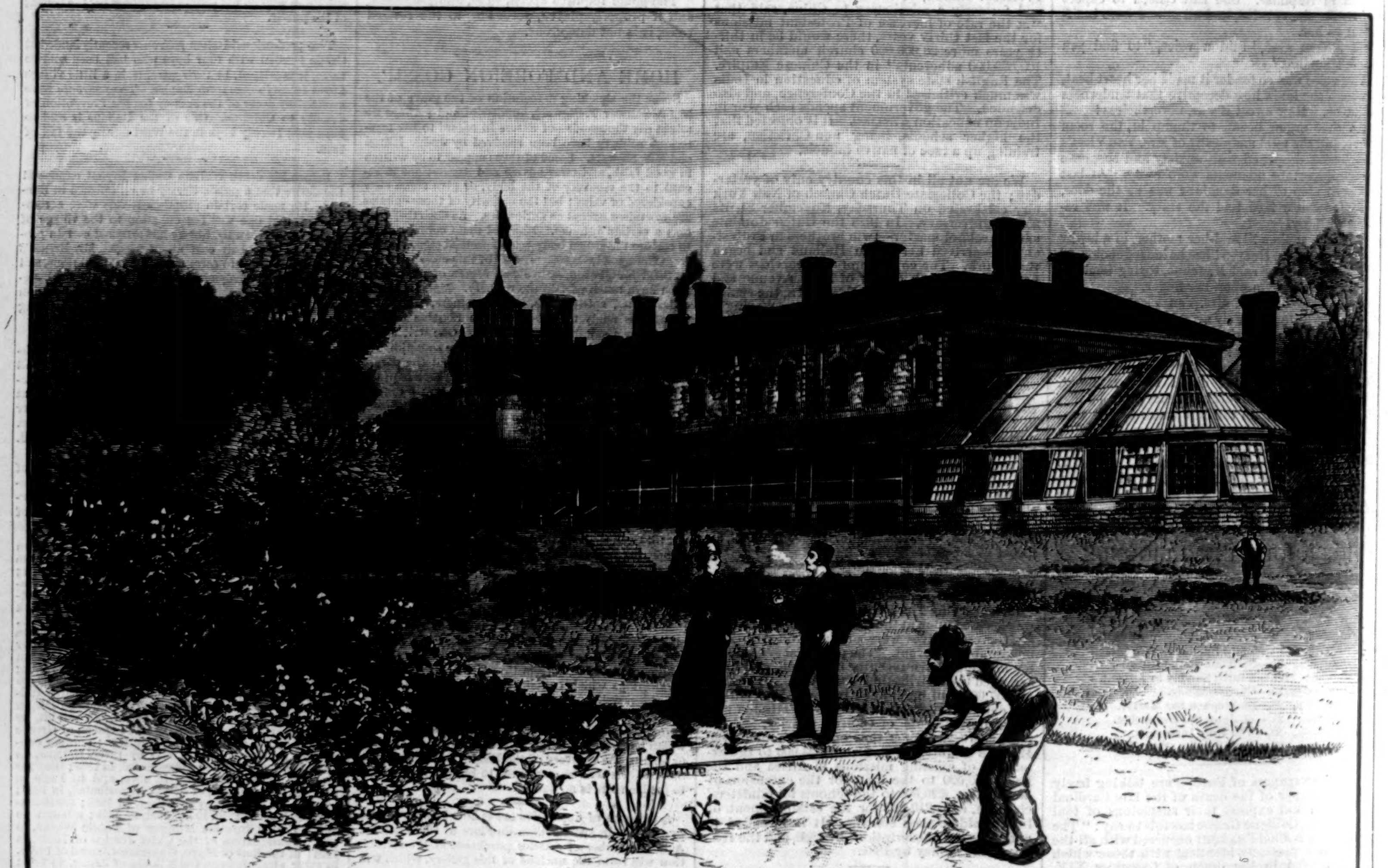
"The Duke of Modena, attacked in 1848; the Crown Prince of Prussia (now Emperor William), in 1848; the late King of Prussia, in 1850; Queen Victoria, in 1850; an infernal machine discovered at Marseilles, on Napoleon III.'s visit, in 1852; Emperor of Austria, slightly wounded by Libenyez (a Hungarian), in 1853; attack on King Victor Emanuel, in 1853; on Napoleon III., opposite the Opéra Comique, in 1853; Duke of Parma mortally stabbed, in 1854; Napoleon III. fired at by Pianori in the Champs Elysées, in 1855; attack on Queen Isabella (of Spain) by Fuentes, in 1856; King Ferdinand of Naples stabbed by Milano, a soldier, in 1856; conspiracy against Napoleon III. by three Italians, in 1857; the Orsini plot against Napoleon III., in 1858; King of Prussia twice fired at, but not hit, by the student Beker at Baden, in 1861; Queen of Greece shot at by the student Brusios, in 1862; another conspiracy against Napoleon III. by three Italians, in 1863; President Lincoln assassinated, in 1865; the Czar attacked at St. Petersburg in 1866, and in Paris in 1867; Prince Michael, of Servia, assassinated, in 1868; attempt on the Viceroy of Egypt, in 1868; assassination of General Prim in Madrid, in 1870; attempt on Señor Zorilla, Spanish Minister of Public Works, in 1871; assassination of the Chief Justice of India, in 1872; of the Earl of Mayo, Governor-General of India, in 1872; attempt upon the Mikado of Japan, in 1872; on King Amadeus of Spain, in 1872; General Melgarijo, Dictator of Bolivia, in 1871; President Balta, of Peru, in 1872; attempt upon the life of the Emperor of Germany, while visiting St. Petersburg, in 1873; attempt upon President Pardo, of Peru, in 1874; President of Ecuador, in 1875; President Gill, of Paraguay, in 1877; and the two later attempts of Hoedel and Nobiling upon the life of the Emperor of Germany, 1878. An attempt was made upon the life of King Alfonso of Spain on October 24, 1878."



THE PRINCESS LOUISE.

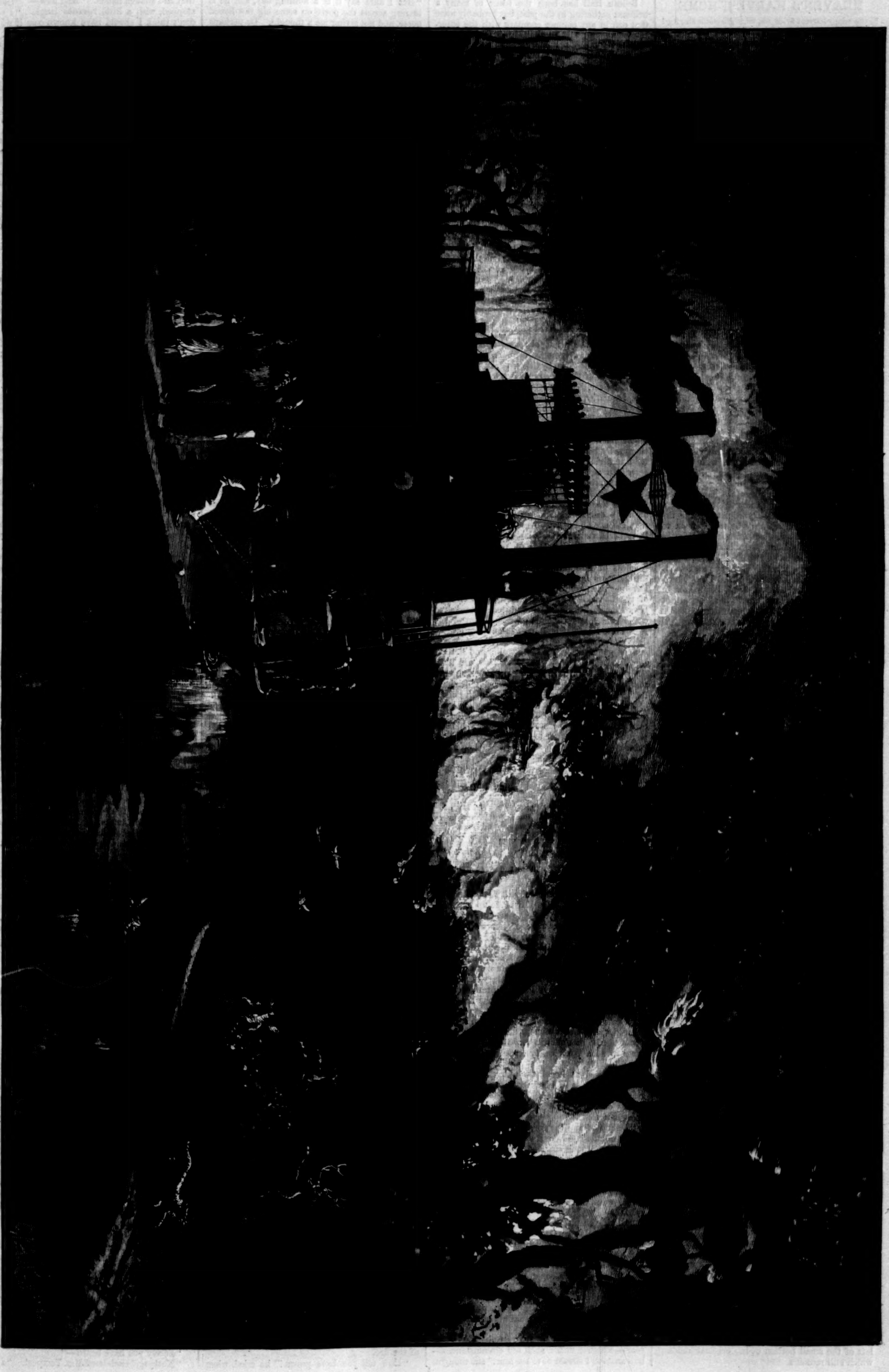


THE MARQUIS OF LORNE.



RIDEAU HALL, THE OFFICIAL RESIDENCE, OTTAWA, CANADA.—[From a Photograph by Topley, Ottawa.]

THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA.—[See Page 974.]



FOREST FIRE ON THE BANKS OF THE RED RIVER.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 975.]

HEAVEN'S HARVEST-HOME.

In the happy harvest fields, oh, what gladsome singing!
Men and maids and children joining in the strain,
For in merry triumph they are homeward bringing,
Poppy-wreathed and loaded high, the last harvest wain.
"Over now the sowing and the reaping,
Earth has given her fruits into our keeping;
Over now the labor and the doubting,
We are bringing home the harvest, shouting,
Harvest-home! harvest-home!"

In a silent upper room a sad household kneeling,
Weeping, praying, but, alas! uncomforted,
Though a sense of rapture through the room is stealing
As the waiting angels guard well the dying bed.
Waiting till some mighty word is spoken;
Waiting, with some marvellous sweet token,
Till, amid the praying and the weeping,
Breaks the harvest song of Death's great reaping—
The spirit's harvest-home.

Weeping mortals only heard, just a gentle sighing,
Just a flutter, as of wings, stir the still warm air;
Only heard a whisper, "Pray, for she is dying;"
Only heard the broken words of that parting prayer.
But the angels heard a mighty singing,
Heard it through the endless spaces ringing,
Heard above earth's tumult and her weeping,
Heaven rejoicing, for one spirit keeping,
Through all her golden streets, a harvest-home.

THE NEW GOVERNOR OF CANADA.

The advent of royalty on their shores, which has for so long been a source of pleasant anticipations on the part of our Canadian neighbors, will soon become an accomplished fact. Before the publication of this article the inhabitants of the British Provinces will be rejoicing over the arrival of their new Governor-General and his royal consort. This is not the first time that the portraits of the Marquis of Lorne and the Princess Louise have appeared in the *Weekly;* but the fact that these illustrious personages are about to become permanent residents of our own American continent invests them with a fresh and peculiar interest.

The new representative of British authority in Canada, whose hereditary dignities have been so overshadowed by his matrimonial honors, is a scion of the ancient family of Argyll, the authentic history of which may be traced back to the thirteenth century, when Alexander III. was King of Scotland. Lord Lorne is the eldest son and heir of the present Duke of Argyll, whose list of titles strung together amount to a considerable paragraph. Born at Stafford House, London, on the 6th of August, 1845, he is now in his thirty-fourth year, and figures in all important documents as the Right Honorable John George Edward Henry Douglas Sutherland Campbell, styled by courtesy Marquis of Lorne. As a boy the Marquis was sent to Eton, from whence he passed to Trinity College, Oxford. From politics, his natural vocation, he has been excluded in a degree by his alliance with the royal family, so that literature has really been his chief pursuit. His talents seem to lie in the way of poetry, for not only has he written a tale in verse, but he has also performed the most laborious even if fascinating task of putting all the Psalms into English meters. He has also travelled extensively, and a volume published by him, recording his observations in the West Indies and the United States and Canada, shows him to be both liberal and intelligent in his views, and keenly interested in all questions relating to foreign nations. There can be little doubt that he possesses every qualification for his new position, which will give him in return an opportunity for the display of abilities that he could not have had in his own country. In administering the affairs of his new office he will have an admirable assistant in the person of the royal lady to whom he is wed. The Princess Louise is said to be not only beautiful and accomplished, but to possess an unusual amount of sober commonsense. These advantages, taken in connection with the natural enthusiasm of the Canadians for a princess of their royal house, will enable her to do much toward establishing pleasant relations between her husband and the people over whom he is to rule.

The future residence of the young couple will be Rideau Hall, an extensive building situated some two miles from Ottawa. Originally the property belonged to the Hon. Thomas M'Kay, who some thirty or forty years ago built upon it a remarkable structure, in which he attempted to copy the old feudal style of architecture. The result might have been more successful had he not mixed stone and brick in a manner that, although it may have satisfied his individual taste, could not fail to offend a more cultivated eye. When it was decided to make Ottawa the capital city of Canada, the property was purchased from its owner and alterations made under the direction of Lord Monck, then Governor-General, with a view to converting it into a suitable residence for the head of the government. Further improvements were wrought by Baron Lisgar, who succeeded Lord Monck; but the most extensive alterations were made by Lord Dufferin, who added a large apartment, called the ball-room, but which has been frequently used for private theatricals and entertainments of various kinds. Lord Dufferin's devices for extending the capacities of his residence were manifold. On one occasion he desired a large supper-room, and obtained it by purchasing a quantity of the material used for awnings, and arranging it in the fashion of a tent inside of an old shed formerly used as a tennis-court. To the retiring Governor-General the Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne are indebted for the plan of the improvements now being made in the old mansion. Of its somewhat sombre and gloomy appearance our readers will be enabled to judge by the accompanying engraving, a glimpse being given at the extreme left of the small portion of the original building which still remains.

Rideau Hall has been the scene of many a brilliant gathering in the past, but probably none that can in any manner compare with the entertainments that will be given when the old mansion shall boast a royal hostess. Already arrangements are being made for a series of such events, and a code of laws compiled for the regulation of all matters pertaining to etiquette. There are to be, for instance, great representative receptions taking place at the opening and prorogation of the Dominion Parliament and at other times. Some of the rules that must be observed on these and other occasions we transcribe for the benefit of our lady readers. It is decreed that when ladies or gentlemen appear at a representative reception the right hand shall be ungloved before the Marquis and the Princess. The former then represents the Queen, before whom both hands are ungloved. There will, however, be no hand-shaking, those received simply bowing and passing on. At private receptions the procedure will be different. The Princess then outranks her husband, and while a gloved hand may be offered to him, the right ungloved must be extended to her. What is known as the "court courtesy" will not be observed at either representative or private receptions. That honor is paid to the Queen alone, or to the Princess of Wales when receiving specially for her Majesty. At representative receptions the Marquis will stand at the right of the Princess, and at private receptions on her left.

These are the principal regulations to be observed on great ceremonial occasions; the minor ones will be laid down by Captain F. Campbell, the Comptroller of the Vice-regal Household. There will, however, be no pretense at a royal court. The regulations just given appertain to the dignity of a member of the royal household, as also the Comptroller himself. His is a new office, and his appointment gave rise to the belief that there would be a court proper; but it appears that there must be a comptroller in every royal household receiving public money. The Princess receives an annual allowance from the British nation amounting to $30,000, and the Comptroller is theoretically the custodian of the money. The mode of leaving the Princess has been a matter of much discussion among those accustomed to regulate such matters. According to the Lord Chamberlain's irreversible laws, those received by the Queen or the Princess of Wales "bow and back out;" but this honor is not shown to the Duchess of Edinburgh, nor has it been paid to the Princess Louise up to this time. So far we have not been able to learn the general opinion of the Canadians in regard to the new code of laws that must govern their future intercourse with their rulers; but the correspondent of the New York *World* at Halifax, to whom we are indebted for a part of the information just advanced, suggests: "The Comptroller and M. Kimber, Jun., the Usher of the Black Rod, will have their hands full, the views of many frequenters of vice-regal receptions at Ottawa being original, not to say startling. A year ago an Irish citizen of Montreal who had just returned from the pilgrimage to Pope Pius IX.'s jubilee, insisted on prostrating himself before Lord Dufferin, his 300 pounds of avoirdupois to the contrary notwithstanding."

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1137.]

VIXEN.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON.

Author of "Dead Men's Shoes," "Hostages to Fortune," "An Open Verdict," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XI.—(*Continued.*)

"I HAVE NO WRONG WHERE I CAN CLAIM NO RIGHT."

The morning wore on, and still Violet Tempest sat idly by the fire. She had made up her mind that Roderick would come to see her at once. She was sufficiently aware of her own importance to feel sure that the fact of her return had been duly chronicled in the local papers. He would come to-day, before luncheon perhaps, and they three, mamma, Rorie, and herself, would sit at the round table in the library—the snug warm room where they had so often sat with papa. This thought brought back the bitterness of her loss.

"I can bear it better if Rorie is with us," she thought, "and he is almost sure to come. He would not be so unkind as to delay bidding welcome to such poor lonely creatures as mamma and I."

She looked at her little watch, a miniature hunter in a case of black enamel, with a monogram in diamonds, one of her father's last gifts. It was one o'clock already, and luncheon would be at half past.

"Only half an hour for Rorie," she thought.

The minute-hand crept slowly to the half hour, the luncheon gong sounded below, and there had been no announcement of Mr. Vawdrey.

"He may be down stairs with mamma all this time," thought Vixen. "Forbes would not tell me unless he were sent."

She went down stairs and met Forbes in the hall.

"Oh, if you please, ma'am, Mrs. Tempest does not feel equal to coming down to luncheon. She will take a wing of chicken in her own room."

"And I don't feel equal to sitting in the library alone, Forbes," said Violet; "so you may tell Phœbe to bring me a cup of tea and a biscuit. Has nobody called this morning?"

"No, ma'am."

Vixen went back to her room, out of spirits and out of temper. It was unkind of Rorie, cold, neglectful, heartless.

"If he had come home after an absence of two years—absence under such sad circumstances—how anxious I should be to see him!" she thought. "But I dare say it is a hunting day, and he is tearing across the gorse on some big raw-boned horse, and not giving me a thought. Or perhaps he is dancing attendance upon Lady Mabel. But no, I don't think he cares much for that kind of thing."

She moved about the room a little, re-arranging things that were already arranged exactly as she had left them two years ago. She opened a book and flung it aside, tried the piano, which sounded muffled and woolly.

"My poor Broadwood is no better for being out at grass," she said.

She went to one of the windows and stood there looking out, expecting every instant to see a dog-cart, with a rakish horse, a wasp-like body, and high red wheels, spin round the curve of the shrubbery. She stood thus for a long time, as she had done on that wet October afternoon of Rorie's home-coming, but no rakish horse came swinging round the curve of the carriage drive. The flying snow drifted past the window; the winter sky looked blue and clear between the brief showers; the tall feathery fir-trees and straight slim cypresses stood up against the afternoon light, and Vixen gazed at them with angry eyes, full of resentment against Roderick Vawdrey.

"The ground is too hard for the scent to lie well; that's one comfort," she reflected, savagely.

And then she thought of the dear old kennels given over to a new master—the hounds whose names and idiosyncracies she had known as well as if they had been human acquaintance. She had lost all interest in them now. Ponto and Gellert, Lightfoot, Juno, Ringlet, Lord Dundreary—they had forgotten her, no doubt.

Here was some one at last, but not the one for whom she was watching. A figure clothed in a long loose black coat and slouched felt hat, and carrying a weedy umbrella, trudged sturdily round the curve, and came briskly toward the porch. It was Mr. Scobel, the incumbent of the pretty little Gothic church in the village—a church like a toy.

He was a good man and a benevolent, this Mr. Scobel, a hard worker, and a blessing in the neighborhood. But just at this moment Violet Tempest did not feel grateful to him for coming.

"What does he want?" she thought. "Blankets and coals and things, I suppose."

She turned sullenly from the window, and went back to her seat beside the fire, and threw on a log, and gave herself up to disappointment. The blue winter sky had changed to gray; the light was fading behind the feathery fir-tops.

"Perhaps he will come to afternoon tea," she thought; and then, with a discontented shrug of her shoulders: "No, he is not coming at all. If he cared about us, he would have been the first to bid us welcome, knowing, as he must, how miserable it was for me to come home at all—without papa!"

She sat looking at the fire.

"How idle I am!" she mused; "and poor Crokey did so implore me to go on with my education, and read some useful books, and enlarge my mind. I don't think my poor little mind would bear any more stretching, or that I should be much happier if I knew all about Central Africa, and the nearest way from Hindostan to China, or old red sandstone, and tertiary, and the rest of them. What does it matter to me what the earth is made of, if I can but be happy upon it? No, I shall never try to be learned. I shall read Byron and Tennyson and Wordsworth and Keats and Bulwer and Dickens and Thackeray, and remain an ignoramus all the days of my life. I think that would be quite enough for Rorie, if he and I were ever to be much together; for I don't believe he ever opens a book at all. And what would be the use of my talking to him about old red sandstone or the centre of Africa?"

Phœbe, Miss Tempest's fresh-faced Hampshire maid, appeared at this moment.

"Oh, if you please, miss, your ma says would you go to the drawing-room? Mr. Scobel is with her, and would like to see you."

Violet rose with a sigh.

"Is my hair awfully untidy, Phœbe?"

"I think I had better arrange the plaits, miss."

"That means that I'm an object. It's four o'clock. I may as well change my dress for dinner. I suppose I must go down to dinner."

"Lor, yes, miss; it will never do to shut yourself up in your own room and fret. You're as pale as them there Christmas roses already."

Ten minutes later Vixen went down to the drawing-room, looking very stately in her black Irish poplin, whose heavy folds became the tall full figure, and whose dense blackness set off the ivory skin and warm auburn hair. She had given just one passing glance at herself in the cheval-glass, and Vanity had whispered:

"Perhaps Rorie would have thought me improved, but he has not taken the trouble to come and see. I might be honey-combed by the small-pox, or bald from the effects of typhus, for aught he cares."

The drawing-room was all aglow with blazing logs, and the sky outside the windows looking pale and gray, when Violet went in. Mrs. Tempest was in her favorite arm-chair by the fire, Tennyson's latest poem on the velvet-colored gypsy table at her side, in company with a large black fan and a smelling-bottle. Mr. Scobel was sitting in a low chair on the other side of the hearth, with his knees almost up to his chin, and his trousers wrinkled up ever so far above his stout Oxford shoes, leaving a considerable interval of gray stocking. He was a man of about thirty, pale, and unpretending of aspect, who fortified his native modesty with a pair of large binoculars, which interposed a kind of barrier between himself and the outer world.

He rose as Violet came toward him, and turned the binoculars upon her, glittering in the glow of the fire.

"How tall you have grown!" he cried, when they had shaken hands. "And how—" Here he stopped, with a little nervous laugh. "I really don't think I should have known you if we had met elsewhere."

"Perhaps Rorie would hardly know me," thought Vixen.

"How are all the poor people?" she asked, when Mr. Scobel had resumed his seat, and was placidly caressing his knees, and blinking, or seeming to blink, at the fire with his binoculars.

"Oh, poor souls!" he sighed. "There has been a great deal of sickness and distress, and people out of work. Yes, a great deal. The winter began early, and we have had some severe weather. James Parsons is in prison again for rabbit-snaring. I'm really afraid James is incorrigible. Mrs. Roper's eldest son, Tom—I dare say you remember Tom, an idle little ruffian, who was always birdnesting—has managed to get himself run over by a pair of Lord Ellangowan's wagon-horses, and now Lady Ellangowan is keeping the whole family. An aunt came from Salisbury to sit up with the boy, and was quite angry because Lady Ellangowan did not pay her for nursing him."

"That's the worst of the poor," said Mrs. Tempest, languidly, the fire-light playing upon her diamond rings as she took her fan from the velvet table and slowly unfolded it to protect her cheek from the glare; "they are never satisfied."

"Isn't it odd they are not," cried Vixen, coming suddenly out of a deep reverie, "when they have every thing that can make life delightful?"

"I don't know about every thing, Violet; but really, when they have such nice cottages as your dear papa built for them, so well drained and ventilated, they ought to be more contented."

"What a comfort good drainage and ventilation must be when there is no bread in the larder!" said Violet.

"My dear, it is ridiculous to talk in that way; just in the style of horrid Radical newspapers. I am sure the poor have an immense deal done for them. Look at Mr. Scobel: he is always trying to help them."

"I do what I can," said the clergyman, modestly; "but I only wish it were more. An income of sixteen shillings a week for a family of seven requires a good deal of eking out. If it were not for the assistance I get here, and in one or two other directions, things would be very bad in Beechdale."

Beechdale was the name of the village nearest the Abbey House, the village to which belonged Mr. Scobel's toy church.

"Of course we must have the usual distribution of blankets and wearing apparel on Christmas-eve," said Mrs. Tempest. "It will seem very sad without my dear husband. But we came home before Christmas on purpose."

"How good of you! It was very sad last year when the poor people came up to the hall to receive your gifts, and there were no familiar faces except the servants'. There were a good many tears shed over last year's blankets, I assure you."

"Poor dear things!" sighed Mrs. Tempest, not making it too clear whether she meant the blankets or the recipients thereof.

Violet said nothing after her little ironical protest about the poor. She sat opposite the fire, between her mother and Mr. Scobel, but at some distance from both. The ruddy light glowed on her ruddy hair, and lit up her pale cheeks and shone in her brilliant eyes. The incumbent of Beechdale thought he had never seen any thing so lovely. She was like a painted window—a Madonna, with the glowing color of Rubens, the divine grace of Raffaelle. And those little speeches about the poor had warmed his heart. He was Violet's friend and champion from that moment.

Mrs. Tempest fanned herself listlessly.

"I wish Forbes would bring the tea," she said.

"Shall I ring, mamma?"

"No, dear. They have not finished tea in the housekeeper's room, perhaps. Forbes doesn't like to be disturbed. Is there any news, Mr. Scobel? We only came home yesterday evening, and have seen no one."

"News! Well, no, I think not much. Lady Ellangowan has got a new orchid."

"And there has been a new baby, too, hasn't there?"

"Oh yes. But nobody talks about the baby, and every body is in raptures with the orchid."

"What is it like?"

"Rather a fine boy. I christened him last week."

"I mean the orchid."

"Oh, something really magnificent; a brilliant blue, a butterfly-shaped blossom that positively looks as if it were alive. They say Lord Ellangowan gave five hundred guineas for it. People come from the other side of the county to see it."

"I think you are all orchid mad," exclaimed Mrs. Tempest. "Oh, here comes the tea!" as Forbes entered with the old silver tray and Swansea cups and saucers. "You'll take some, of course, Mr. Scobel. I can not understand this rage for orchids. Old china, or silver, or lace, I can understand; but orchids—things that require no end of trouble to keep them alive, and which I dare say are as common as buttercups and daisies in the savage places where they grow. There is Lady Jane Vawdrey now, a perfect slave to her orchid-houses."

Violet's pale face flamed crimson at this mention of Lady Jane. Not for worlds would she have asked a question about her old playfellow, though she was dying to hear about him. Happily no one saw that sudden blush, or it passed for a reflection of the fire glow.

"Poor Lady Jane!" sighed the incumbent of Beechdale, looking very solemn, "she has gone to a land in which there are fairer flowers than ever grew on the banks of the Amazon."

"What do you mean?"

"Surely you have heard—"

"Nothing," exclaimed Mrs. Tempest. "I have corresponded with nobody but my housekeeper while I have been away. I am a wretched correspondent at the best of times, and after dear Edward's death I was too weary, too depressed, to write letters. What is the matter with Lady Jane Vawdrey?"

"She died at Florence last November of bronchitis. She was very ill last winter, and had to be taken to Cannes for the early part of the year. But she came back in April quite well and strong, as every one supposed, and spent the summer at Briarwood. Her doctors told her, however, that she was not to risk another winter in England, so in September she went to Italy, taking Lady Mabel with her."

"And Roderick?" inquired Vixen. "He went with them, of course?"

"Naturally," replied Mr. Scobel. "Mr. Vawdrey was with his mother till the last."

"Very nice of him," murmured Mrs. Tempest, approvingly; "for, in a general way, I don't think they got on too well together. Lady Jane was rather dictatorial. And now, I suppose, Roderick will marry his cousin as soon as he is out of mourning."

"Why should you suppose so, mamma?" exclaimed Violet. "It was quite a mistake of yours about their being engaged. Roderick told me so himself. He was not engaged to Lady Mabel. He had not the least idea of marrying her."

"He has altered his mind since then, I conclude," said Mr. Scobel, cheerily—those binoculars of his could never have seen through a stone wall, and were not much good at seeing things under his nose—"for it is quite a settled thing that Mr. Vawdrey and Lady Mabel are to be married. It will be a splendid match for him, and will make him the largest land-owner in the Forest, for Ashbourne is settled on Lady Mabel. The duke bought it himself, you know, and it is not in the entail," added the incumbent, explaining a fact that was as familiar as the Church Catechism to Violet, who sat looking straight at the fire, holding her head as high as Queen Guinevere after she had thrown the diamonds out of window.

"I always knew that it would be so," said Mrs. Tempest, with the air of a sage. "Lady Jane had set her heart upon it. Worldly greatness was her idol, poor thing! It is sad to think of her being snatched away from every thing. What has become of the orchids?"

"Lady Jane left them to her niece. They are building houses to receive them at Ashbourne."

"Rather a waste of money, isn't it?" suggested Violet, in a cold, hard voice. "Why not let them stay at Briarwood till Lady Mabel is mistress there?"

Mr. Scobel did not enter into this discussion. He sat serenely gazing at the fire and sipping his tea, enjoying this hour of rest and warmth after a long day's fatigue and hard weather. He had an Advent service at seven o'clock that evening, and would but just have time to tramp home through the winter dark and take a hurried meal before he ran across to his neat little vestry and shuffled on his surplice, while Mrs. Scobel played her plaintive voluntary on the twenty-guinea harmonium.

"And where is young Vawdrey now?" inquired Mrs. Tempest, blandly.

She could only think of the squire of Briarwood as the lad from Eton—clumsy, shy, given to breaking tea-cups and leaving the track of his footsteps in clay or mud upon the Aubusson carpets.

"He has not come home yet. The duke and duchess went to Florence just before Lady Jane's death, and I believe Mr. Vawdrey is with them at Rome. Briarwood has been shut up since September."

"Didn't I tell you, mamma, that somebody would be dead?" cried Violet. "I felt when we came into this house yesterday evening that every thing in our lives was changed."

"I should hardly think mourning can be very becoming to Lady Mabel," ruminated Mrs. Tempest. "Those small, sylph-like figures rarely look well in black."

Mr. Scobel rose with an effort to make his adieux. The delicious warmth of the wood fire, the perfume of arbutus logs, had made him sleepy.

"You'll come and see our new school, I hope," he said to Violet, as they shook hands. "You and your dear mamma have contributed so largely to its erection that you have a right to be critical; but I really think you will be pleased."

"We'll come to-morrow afternoon, if it's fine," said Mrs. Tempest, graciously. "You must bring Mrs. Scobel to dinner at seven, and then we can talk over all we have seen."

"You are very kind. I've my young women's Scripture class at a quarter past eight; but if you will let me run away for an hour—"

"Certainly."

"I can come back for Mrs. Scobel. Thanks. We shall be delighted."

When he was gone Violet walked toward the door without a word to her mother.

"Violet, are you going away again? Pray stop, child, and let us have a chat."

"I have nothing to talk about, mamma."

"Nonsense. You have quite deserted me since we came home. And do you suppose I don't feel dull and depressed as well as you? It is not dutiful conduct, Violet. I shall really have to engage a companion if you go on so. Miss M'Croke was dreary, but she was not altogether uncompanionable. One could talk to her."

"You had better have a companion, mamma—some one who will be lively, and talk pleasantly about nothing particular all day long. No doubt a well-trained companion can do that. She has an inexhaustible well-spring of twaddle in her own mind. I feel as if I could never be cheerful again."

"We had better have stopped at Brighton—"

"I hate Brighton!"

"Where we knew so many nice people—"

"I detest nice people!"

"Violet, do you know that you have an abominable temper?"

"I know that I am made up of wickedness," answered Vixen, vehemently.

She left the room without another word, and went straight to her den up stairs, not to throw herself on the ground and abandon herself to a childish, unreasoning grief, as she had done on the night of Roderick's coming of age, but to face the situation boldly in the strength of her newly fledged womanhood. She walked up and down the dim fire-lit room, thinking of what she had just heard.

"What does it matter to me? Why should I be so angry?" she asked herself. "We were never more than friends and playfellows. And I think that, on the whole, I rather disliked him. I know I was seldom civil to him. He was papa's favorite. I should hardly have tolerated him but for that."

She felt relieved at having settled this point in her mind. Yet there was a dull blank sense of loss, a vague aching in her troubled heart, which she could not get rid of easily. She walked to and fro, to and fro, while the fire faded out and the pale windows darkened.

"I hate myself for being so vexed about this," she said, clasping her hands above her head with a vehemence that showed the intensity of her vexation. "Could I—I, Violet Tempest—ever be so despicable a creature as to care for a man who does not care for me; to be angry, sorry, broken-hearted, because a man does not want me for his wife? Such a thing is not possible; if it were, I think I would kill myself. I should be ashamed to live. I could not look human beings in the face. I should take poison, or turn Roman Catholic and go into a convent, where I should never see the face of a man again. No; I am not such an odious creature. I have no regard for Rorie except as my old playfellow, and when he comes home I will walk straight up to him and give him my hand, and congratulate him heartily on his approaching marriage. Perhaps Lady Mabel will ask me to be one of her bride-maids. She will have a round dozen, I dare say. Six in pink and six in blue, no doubt, like wax dolls at a charity fair. Why can't people be married without making idiots of themselves?"

The half-hour gong sounded at this moment, and Vixen ran down to the drawing-room, where the candles and lamps were lighted, and where there was plenty of light literature lying about to distract the troubled mind. Mrs. Tempest was yawning over a review of Gladstone's last Homeric Opuscule, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. Violet went to her mother's chair and knelt beside it.

"Dear mamma, forgive me for being cross just now," she said, gently. "I was out of spirits. I will try to be better company in future—so that you may not be obliged to engage a companion."

"My dear, I don't wonder at your feeling low-spirited," replied Mrs. Tempest, graciously. "This place is horribly dull. How we ever endured it, even in your dear papa's time, is more than I can understand. It is like living on the ground-floor of one of the Egyptian Pyramids. We must really get some nice people about us, or we shall both go melancholy mad."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JOHN WESLEY'S FIRST HYMN-BOOK.

The following interesting communication is copied from a recent number of *Notes and Queries*, London:

"The little volume lying before me, John Wesley's first hymnal, is of singular and unique interest.

"Rare as any Shakspeare quarto, it has equally escaped the search of English and American collectors, and no biographer of John Wesley has so much as dreamed of its existence.

"Interesting as an early American printed book, interesting as a hymnal in itself, the value of the book, apart from its rarity, consists chiefly in the evidence it affords of the tone of Wesley's mind during his memorable visit to Georgia.

"The first (supposed) production of John Wesley's hymns is the very rare *Collection of Psalms and Hymns*, London, 1738, of which a collation is given by Dr. Osborne in his thirteen-volume edition of *J. and C. Wesley's Poetical Works*. He evidently had not so much as dreamed of there being a previous book; but to America, and not to England, belongs the honor of producing Wesley's first hymn-book.

"The volume is a small octavo of seventy-four pages, and the title-page is as follows: '*A Collection of Psalms and Hymns*. Charles-Town, Printed by Lewis Timothy, 1737.' The book contains seventy hymns—forty for Sunday, twenty for Wednesday or Friday, and ten for Saturday. There are five translations from the German by John Wesley, including 'O God, Thou bottomless abyss!' But the text varies from that of later editions in some instances, notably in the hymn named, for which Wesley afterward substituted a different measure. There are no hymns by Charles Wesley; but a Psalm or two and Eupolis's 'Hymn to the Creator' by Samuel Wesley, Sen., four hymns by Samuel Wesley, Jun., a few by Austin through Dorrington, several altered by John Wesley from Herbert, and the remainder chiefly by Watts, make up the contents of a volume of singular interest on so many differing grounds. W. T. Brooke.

"157 Richmond Road, Hackney, E."

The *Watchman and Wesleyan Advertiser*—an English religious journal—referring to this matter, says: "As the name and residence of the writer are given, there can be no doubt of the genuineness of his information. It is certainly the first time that we have seen any intimation of a *Wesley's Hymns* existing before the edition of 1738, to which the writer refers, and which has hitherto been supposed by so competent an authority as Dr. Osborne to be the first of all."

We publish Mr. Brooke's letter not only because it gives an interesting piece of literary intelligence, but in the hope that in some library or household in this country copies of this rare work may yet be found.

FIRE ON THE RED RIVER.

The spirited illustration on page 973 represents a scene witnessed by our artist, Mr. **Rogers**, from whose graphic pencil we have already had several pictures of his recent tour in the Northwest. Surveyed from the deck of the steamboat at night, the scene was grand and exciting. The flames had swept over the prairie, driving before them deer, wolves, and other wild animals, until they reached the wooded banks of the river. As the frightened creatures came in sight, emerging from the cover of the woods, the passengers and crew of the steamer amused themselves by firing at them with rifles or revolvers, with what result our artist, who was busy with his pencil, does not say.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The safe return to New London the last of October of the schooner *Florence* is a noteworthy fact in the history of geographical and natural science. For some years past Captain H. W. **Howgate**, of the Signal Office, has been desirous of extending the system of meteorological research so ably prosecuted by that office into the farthest attainable region of the North, and, as the result of several years' continued observations, to secure general results such as were not furnished by the labors of the *Polaris*, the *Alert* and the *Discovery*, and by the German, Austrian, and Swedish expeditions. His plan was to proceed as far to the north as possible, and then to establish coast stations, to be carried farther and farther north, as opportunities permitted, and to be in sufficient proximity to render assistance to each other in case of difficulty. Hoping that Congress would make the necessary appropriations to carry out this labor, Captain **Howgate** organized this preliminary expedition by securing the whaling schooner *Florence*, a vessel of about sixty tons, and placing her in command of Captain **Tyson** of *Polaris* fame. The vessel was strengthened for her new mission, and duly manned and equipped by means of funds gathered by Captain **Howgate**. The only scientific element on board consisted of Mr. **Sherman**, the photographer and meteorologist, and Mr. L. **Kumlien**, the zoologist, the latter gentleman detailed by the Smithsonian Institution for the purpose. It was hoped that a portion of the expenses of the trip would be met by the sale of oil and bone to be obtained in arctic waters. The vessel, after entering Cumberland Gulf, was to proceed to Greenland to meet the more extended expedition which it was hoped Congress would authorize; and if nothing were heard of this, the stores were to be left at Disco, and the vessel to return to the United States.

With this understanding the *Florence* left New London on the 2d of August, 1877, with a good outfit of the more important articles required for the service. Mr. **Sherman** had instruments furnished by the Signal Office, and Mr. **Kumlien** an equipment from the Smithsonian Institution. The first harbor entered was at Niantilic, in Cumberland Gulf, after a voyage of forty-one days, during which more or less stormy weather was encountered. After a short stay here for the purpose of securing some Esquimaux, they proceeded to the opposite shore of the gulf, arriving at Annanatook Harbor on the 7th of October. An observatory was erected for the use of Mr. **Sherman**, who with Mr. **Kumlien** remained there until July, carrying on their respective lines of research. Numerous collections were made by Mr. **Kumlien**, particularly of the seals, which were quite abundant. Walrus were also met with, and arctic foxes, and occasionally a wolf or polar bear. Cetaceans, especially the white whale and the killer, were frequently encountered. Unfortunately while here Mr. **Kumlien** cut his finger with a knife which he was using in skinning an Esquimaux dog, which resulted in a serious injury to his arm, incapacitating him for much work during a considerable time. The severest cold met with was —52°, in January, although from the 27th of February to the 18th of March the temperature did not rise above —35°.

A few birds were seen during the winter, consisting of crows, gyrfalcons, and ptarmigans, and in the spring numerous species of gulls made their appearance from the south, these being the first birds to arrive, after which came the snow-buntings, sandpipers, and Jager gulls. The fauna, as a whole, did not appear to be different from that of the northern part of Baffin Bay, and Mr. **Kumlien** was disappointed in his hope of securing the rare Labrador duck. Some fossils and plants were gathered; indeed, whatever the barren shores of Cumberland Gulf could furnish was obtained in complete representation by Mr. **Kumlien**.

During the winter's stay valuable notes were taken in regard to the habits and characteristics of the Esquimaux among whom the party lived. Some implements were obtained from the ancient graves, which were particularly interesting. Fishes were rare, only two kinds being in sufficient quantity to serve as food, one being a species of *Cottus*, the other the salmon.

On the 19th of July the vessel emerged from the gulf, and reached Godhaven Harbor, on the coast of Greenland, on the last day of July. Expecting to meet the government expedition, they had carried with them fifteen Esquimaux and thirty dogs, clothing, and other material for a polar exploration, but after remaining in Greenland until the 22d of August without any result, they landed all the extra stores, and returned to Cumberland Gulf with the Esquimaux and dogs.

On the 12th of September they set sail for the United States, arriving at St. Johns, Newfoundland, on the 26th, after a very stormy passage. Remaining at St. Johns until the 11th of October, they renewed their course homeward, encountering very severe storms, and being obliged to put into Provincetown for repairs, the vessel having sprung a leak off Sable Island.

Mr. **Kumlien's** collections have all safely reached the Smithsonian Institution; the algæ having been sent to Dr. **Farlow**, and the other plants to Dr. **Gray**, of Cambridge, for investigation. The few insects secured have been divided among several specialists. The mammals, birds, and fishes have been identified at the Smithsonian Institution. A full catalogue of all the species obtained will be published at an early day, with explanatory notes.

The death of **Leymarie**, Professor of Geology at Toulouse, took place in the month of October. He is best known as the author of the first geological map of France.

Mr. **Andrew Anders Anderson**, a well-known ornithologist, and especially conversant with the birds of the East Indies, died in July. He contributed during his scientific career many valuable papers to the London *Ibis* and to the Proceedings of the Zoological Society.

The Netherlands vessel, the *William Barentz*, which was fitted out for exploration in Spitzbergen and the arctic regions, and the movements of which we have chronicled from time to time, has returned safely to Amsterdam after a very successful voyage, the results of which will shortly be announced.

Mr. **Henry Durnford** died at Salta, in Bolivia, early in July, while engaged in making zoological explorations in South America, in which he had been particularly successful so far as concerned the birds of Patagonia. An account of the latter was published by him in the London *Ibis*.

Count **Charles du Mortier** died in Tournay on the 9th of July, at the age of eighty-one. He is especially known as a botanist, and in zoology by his investigations upon the development of the fresh-water bryozoa and the gasteropods.

The rapid changes of color exhibited by various animals, under certain circumstances, have long been a source of scientific interest to the physiologist, and of amusement to the ordinary spectator. The tree-frogs, certain lizards (as the chameleon), numerous species of fish, and the common squid are all well-known examples. Among others specially noteworthy is a long-tailed crab, the *Nika edulis*, found in the British Channel, upon which Professor **Jourdain** has lately published some notes.

The changes of color in this case are produced partly by external influences, and partly by the motions of the animal, taking place most rapidly at an elevated temperature. Thus, when exposed to direct or diffused sunlight the animal is nearly transparent, but slightly brown in color, while in the dark it becomes red. If exposed again to the sunlight or to that of a bright lamp, the red disappears; and generally the color by night is very different from that by day.

What is especially remarkable, if an eye be removed or destroyed, the animal becomes red, and remains so without further change, no matter what the exposure. Brought down to the temperature of freezing, decoloration also takes place, and the red re-appears only when the water becomes warm. The phenomena seem to indicate that the changes in color are effected through the visual organ.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Mr. Yard, the conveyancer, began a row of houses, upon which every building-material man in town rushed to him with offers of sacrifices. A lumberman was most persistent, calling three times a day. One day he came the fourth time, and, looking in the door, called out, "Well, Mr. Yard, how do you feel now about my proposition?" "Like a bored Yard!" exclaimed the persecuted one; and the man came no more.

John writes to inquire how the ark was propelled. We would say to John that the ark was a row-boat, and was propelled by a Noah.

There is no material difference between trapeze-performers, liquor-dealers, and lawyers, as they must be admitted to the bar in order to practice their professions.

Nothing can exceed the intense affection which a girl deals out to her father for a day or two before the time when she's going to ask for a new dress.

A pretty girl down East is a "mind-reader." She said to a bashful beau the other night, "La! I believe you are going to kiss me!" She was right.

The young man who didn't get out of the way of the omnibus in time says he felt rather stage-struck for a moment.

"Yes," said a lawyer who was defending a murderer, "the prisoner at the bar will prove an alibi. Gentlemen, we shall prove that the murdered man wasn't there."

A man named Lake proposed to furnish his native town with an exhaustless water supply, and the Mayor said he believed that a Lake could do almost any thing in that line.

"I am a tramp," pleaded he; and pointing to his worn shoes, continued, pathetically, "this is my sole offense." The judge, clerk, and officer all fainting, the prisoner escaped.

Mrs. Shoddy, who has just returned from Switzerland, says the ice glaciers are so called because they look like pieces of glass.

Tutor. "What can you say of the second law of thought?"

Student. "It can not both be and not be. For example, the door over there must be either shut or open; it can not be both shut and open."

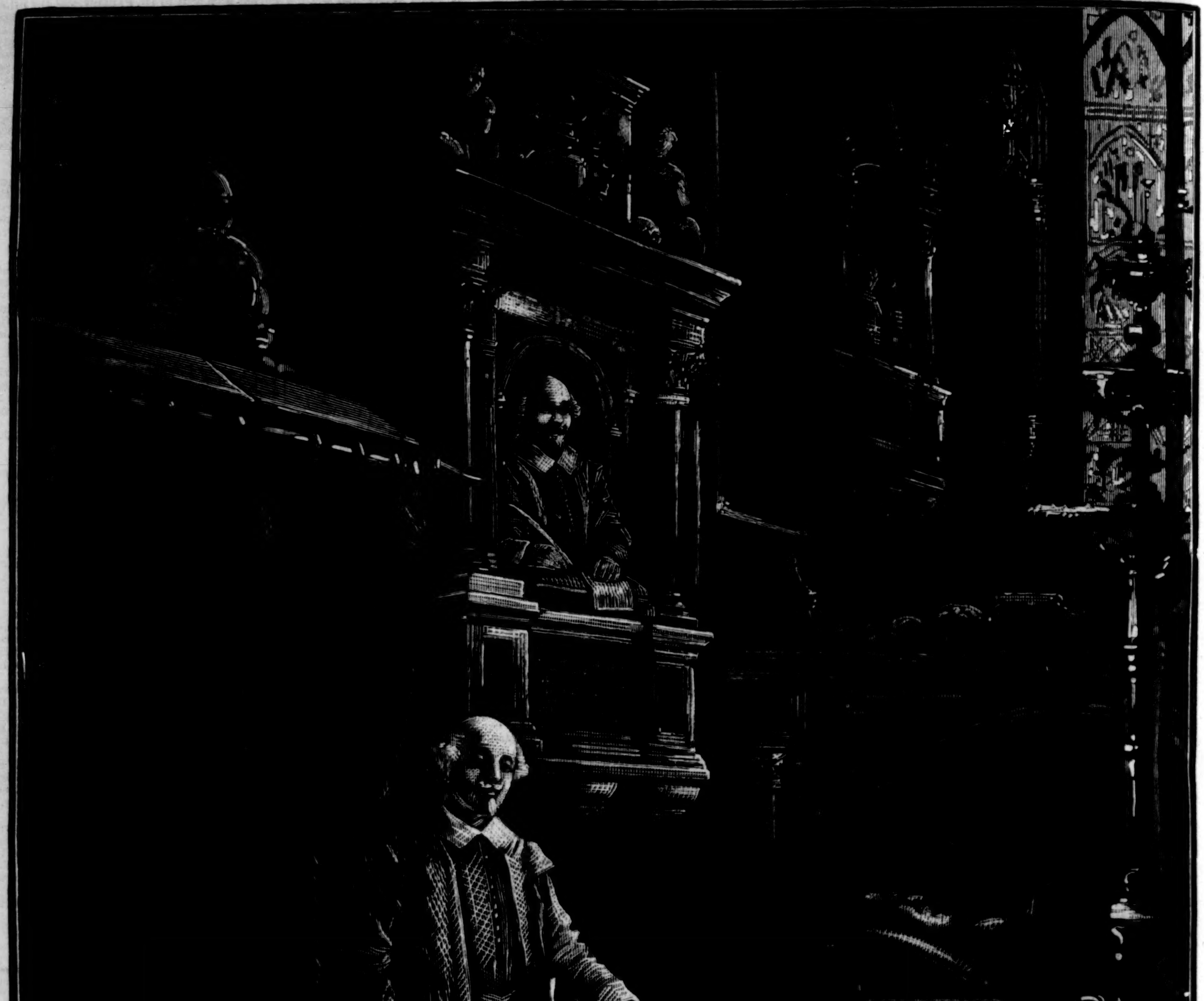
Tutor. "Give another illustration."

Student. "Well, take the case of another door."

"Will you be my wife, then, Eliza?" he cried.
  But ere she had time to make answer,
A masculine agent broke into the room,
  And noisily shouted, "She sha'n't, Sir!"
"And what may you be," interjected the youth,
  "Thus seeking my wishes to mar?"
"I'm the father of Lize," quoth the trespassing fiend.
  Said the other, "The devil you are!"

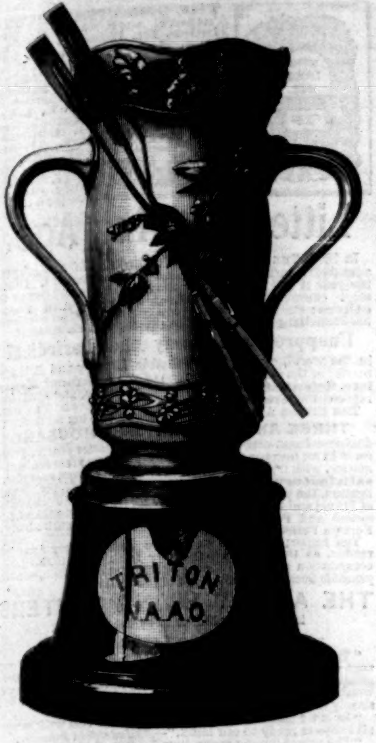
It must be gratifying to parents to know that their boys have so perfectly acquired Latin that they are able to use it in ordinary discourse. Two of them were one day engaged in pummelling each other, when a third cried out, "*Soc et tuum*, Romeo!"

  Says the captain to Pat,
    "Come, I'll have none o' that!"
  As Paddy of whiskey was drinking his fill.
    With a satisfied sigh,
    As he finished the "rye,"
  Says Paddy, "Be jabers, I don't think ye will!"

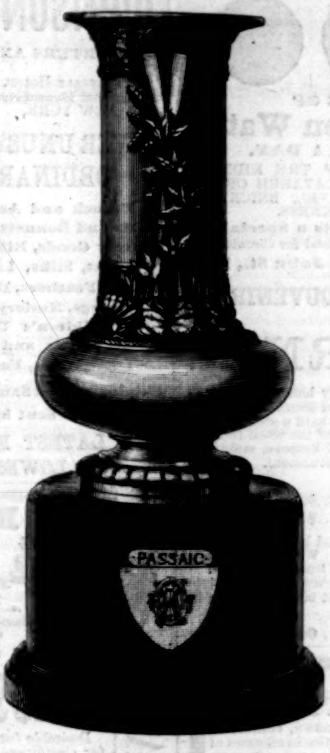


GOOD FREND FOR IESVS SAKE FORBEARE,
TO DIGG THE DVST ENCLOASED HEARE;
BLESE BE Yͤ MAN Yͭ SPARES THES STONES,
AND CVRST BE HE Yͭ MOVES MY BONES.

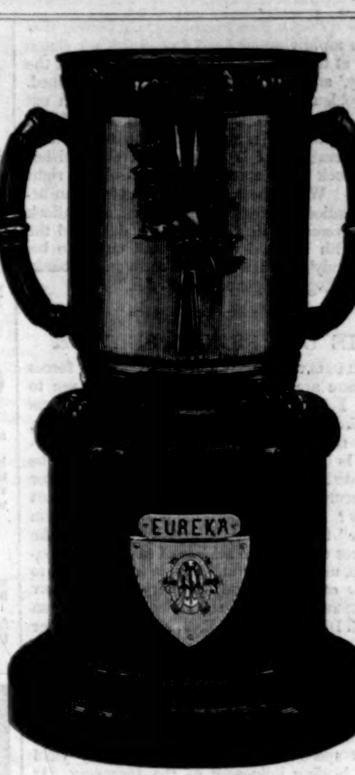
ON SHAKSPEARE'S TOMB.



THE TRITON CUP.



THE PASSAIC CUP.



THE EUREKA CUP.

ROWING PRIZES.

The National Association of Amateur Oarsmen at their last annual meeting resolved that they would in future hold a yearly regatta, open only to college crews. This is an excellent arrangement, as the college oarsmen can now feel confident that a race will take place, even if but two crews compete. Hitherto nothing has been assured. A race was never certain until challenges were given and accepted, and crews might train for a race which never took place. The national race will be the Henley of America.

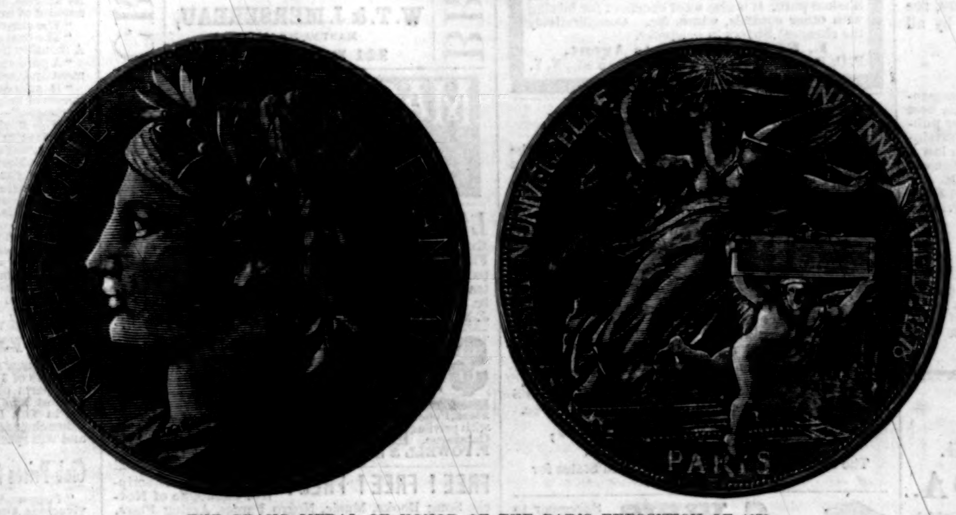
Three races will take place, either of eights, sixes, fours, doubles, pairs, or singles, as may be chosen by the college. The prizes are challenge prizes, to go from winner to winner forever, and are presented to the National Association by the Passaic, Triton, and Eureka Boat clubs of Newark, New Jersey, under whose auspices the late national regatta was held.

The Triton Cup, made by Tiffany & Co., is 13½ inches high and 7½ inches across, with two handles, and of Oriental form. A pair of oars cross the cup obliquely from top to bottom. A branch of laurel twines in the opposite direction at right angles to the oars. The chaste adornments at the top and bottom of the cup are heightened by being tinted with oxidized gold; the laurel branch is also treated in the same manner, but has a greater depth of color. The body of the cup is burnished. Around the base, in moderate relief, is etched: "Given by Triton Boat Club, Newark, New Jersey, 1878."

The Eureka and Passaic cups are both made by the Gorham Manufacturing Company, of Union Square, New York. The Eureka Cup is a perfect cylinder, with three handles and three feet. It is 8½ inches high and 6¼ inches in diameter, and is what is known as a "love cup" or "jolly cup." The body of this cup is almost entirely burnished. Straight down and parallel to its sides are a pair of oars entwined with laurel. The laurel and the rich ornamentation around the upper part of the cup are of the finest repoussé work. The handles and feet of deadened silver are of beautiful design. The cup is gilded inside.

The Passaic Cup is in the shape of a vase without handles, and of pure Grecian form. Both the base and the bowl are burnished—the former with plain but heavy ornamentation, and the latter entirely simple. The long and beautiful neck is of deadened silver, and rich in repoussé work. The oars and laurel are (as in the Eureka Cup) parallel to the sides of the cup. This prize is 15 inches high, 8¼ inches wide at the bowl, and 6½ inches wide along the neck. On the base of the Eureka and Passaic cups is engraved: "Given by the Eureka Boat Club of Newark, New Jersey, 1878." Besides the oars and laurel, all the cups are embellished with water-lilies, lily-pads, and fresh-water plants.

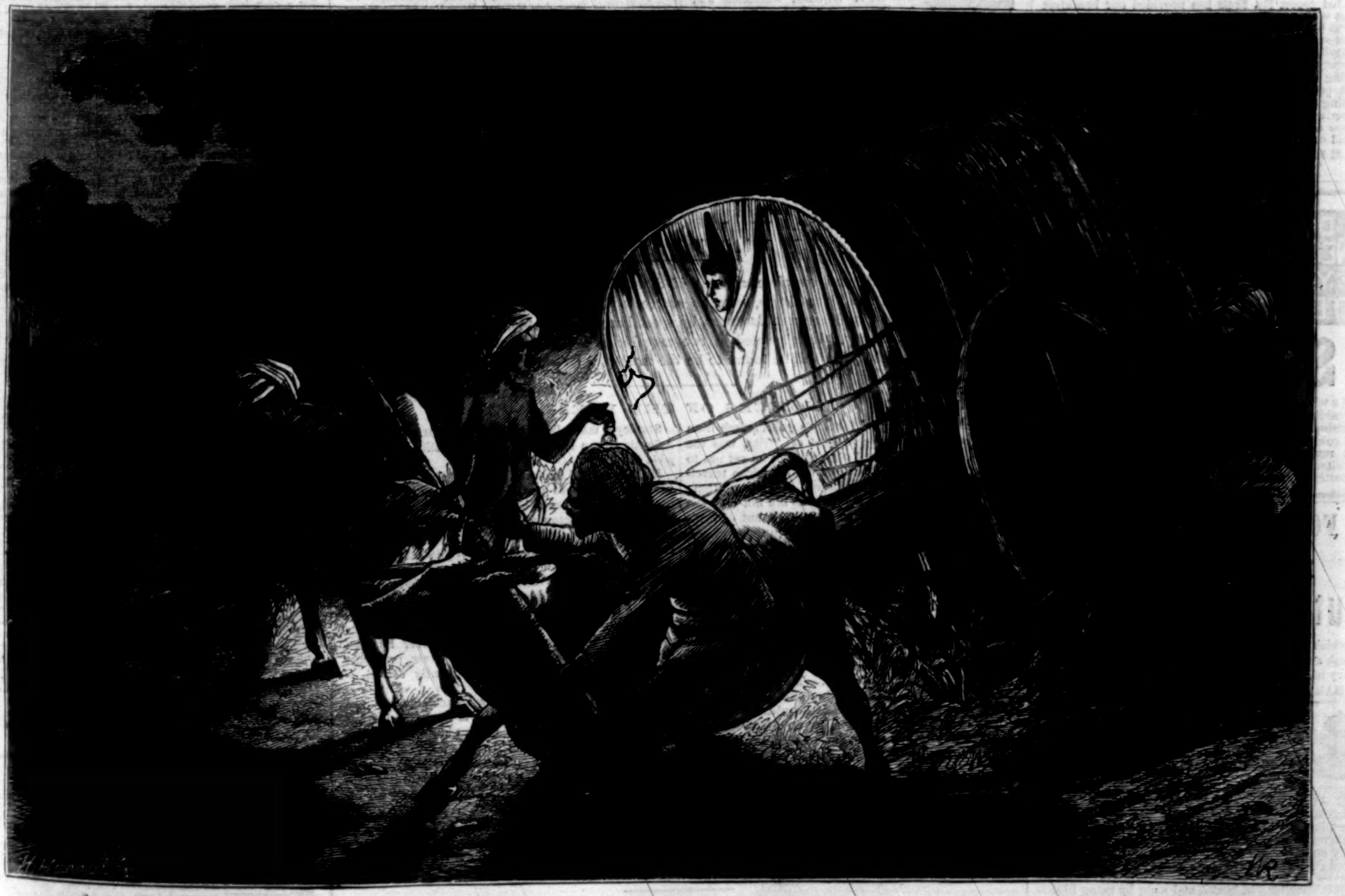
The prizes are of sterling silver, and are artistically the finest ever offered to oarsmen. The names of the manufacturers are a guarantee of the work. The cups are mounted on ebony pedestals, on which are silver shields bearing the titles. They are fitted securely in handsome oak boxes, properly padded, and lined with chamois-skin.



THE GRAND MEDAL OF HONOR OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION OF 1878.

AN UNPLEASANT ADVENTURE.

"Bandy" travelling is not the most delightful means of locomotion in the world. The "bandies," or bullock carts, are of the rudest manufacture, and quite innocent of springs of any kind. The bullocks are generally troublesome, and the roads bad, and many and hard are the bumps the unhappy traveller experiences, in spite of mattress and pillows laid on a thick bed of straw inside the "bandy." Our artist writes: "It being impossible to travel by day on account of the great heat, we start by night, an individual with rather a small amount of clothing leading the way with a lantern. Had one nerves of cast iron, one might sleep; as it is, the unceasing jolt, jolt, keeps one wide-awake. We say to ourselves that nothing *could* be more uncomforta-



AN UNPLEASANT ADVENTURE—ON THE ROAD TO PEER MERDE, INDIA.

ble, when *thump* goes something, and feeling that we are rapidly going head downward, we clutch madly at the bamboo supports at the side of the 'bandy,' and wildly inquire what has happened. 'My golden mother,' replies the bandy man out of the darkness, 'one of the bullocks has fallen down.' The golden mother (by which poetic title our miserable self is intended) devoutly wishes the bullock would manage to keep itself the right way up. When the scantily robed gentleman before mentioned brings up the lantern, one bullock is discovered all in a heap in the dust, and the other with its head where its tail ought to be. The 'bandy' is in a recumbent state on the bank, having altogether gone off the road."

THE U. S. SIGNAL SERVICE.

Gradually the wild and ungovernable forces of nature are, through science, made of use to man. Following in the wake of the ingenious inventions for the use of steam and electricity, comes the organization of the U. S. Signal Service. Is it not wonderful that a system could be originated and perfected whereby an operator can accurately predict the weather of a distant locality? And yet experience proves our "storm signals" to be reliable. Equally great are the advances made in the science of medicine. Step by step, uncertainties and doubts have yielded to *absolute certainty.* The discoveries of Harvey and Jenner have been succeeded by the Golden Medical Discovery of Dr. R. V. Pierce. No longer need people despair because some physician has pronounced the lungs unsound. Hundreds of testimonials are on file in the office of Dr. Pierce from those who had abandoned all hope, and had been given up to die by physicians and friends. Incipient consumption, bronchitis, and scrofulous tumors speedily, surely, and permanently yield to the healing influences of the Discovery. If the bowels be constipated, use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. For full particulars, see Pierce's Memorandum Book, given away by all druggists.—[*Com.*]

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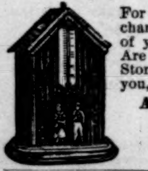

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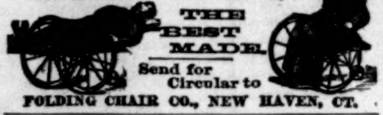

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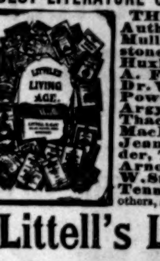

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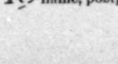

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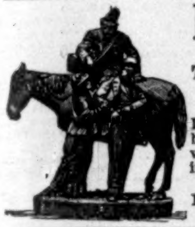

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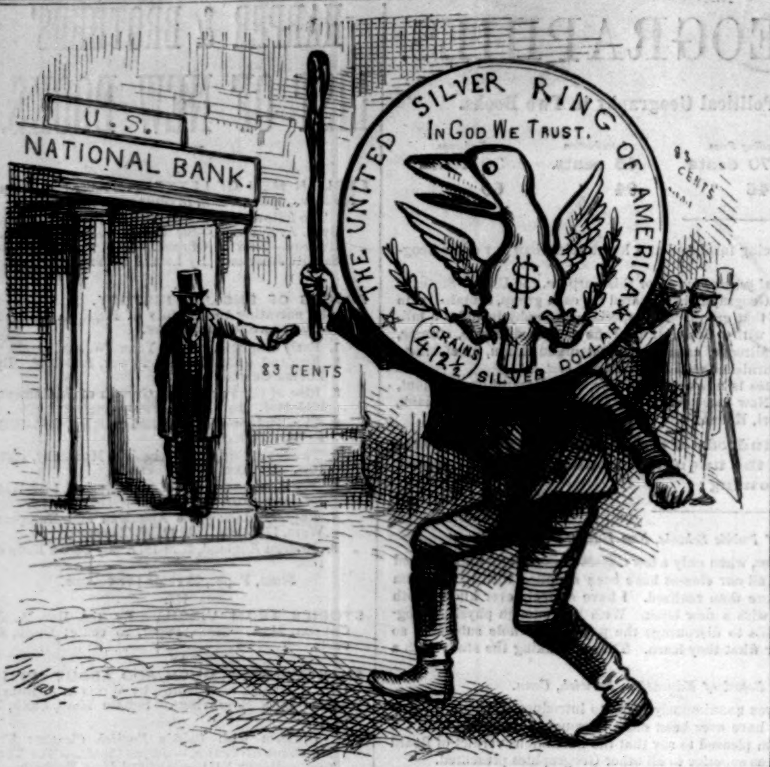

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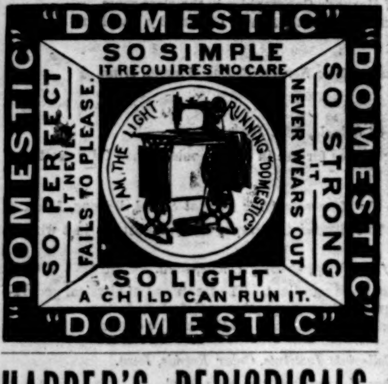

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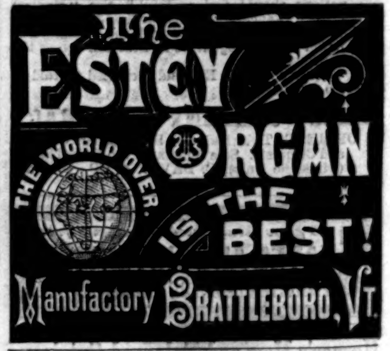
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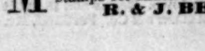

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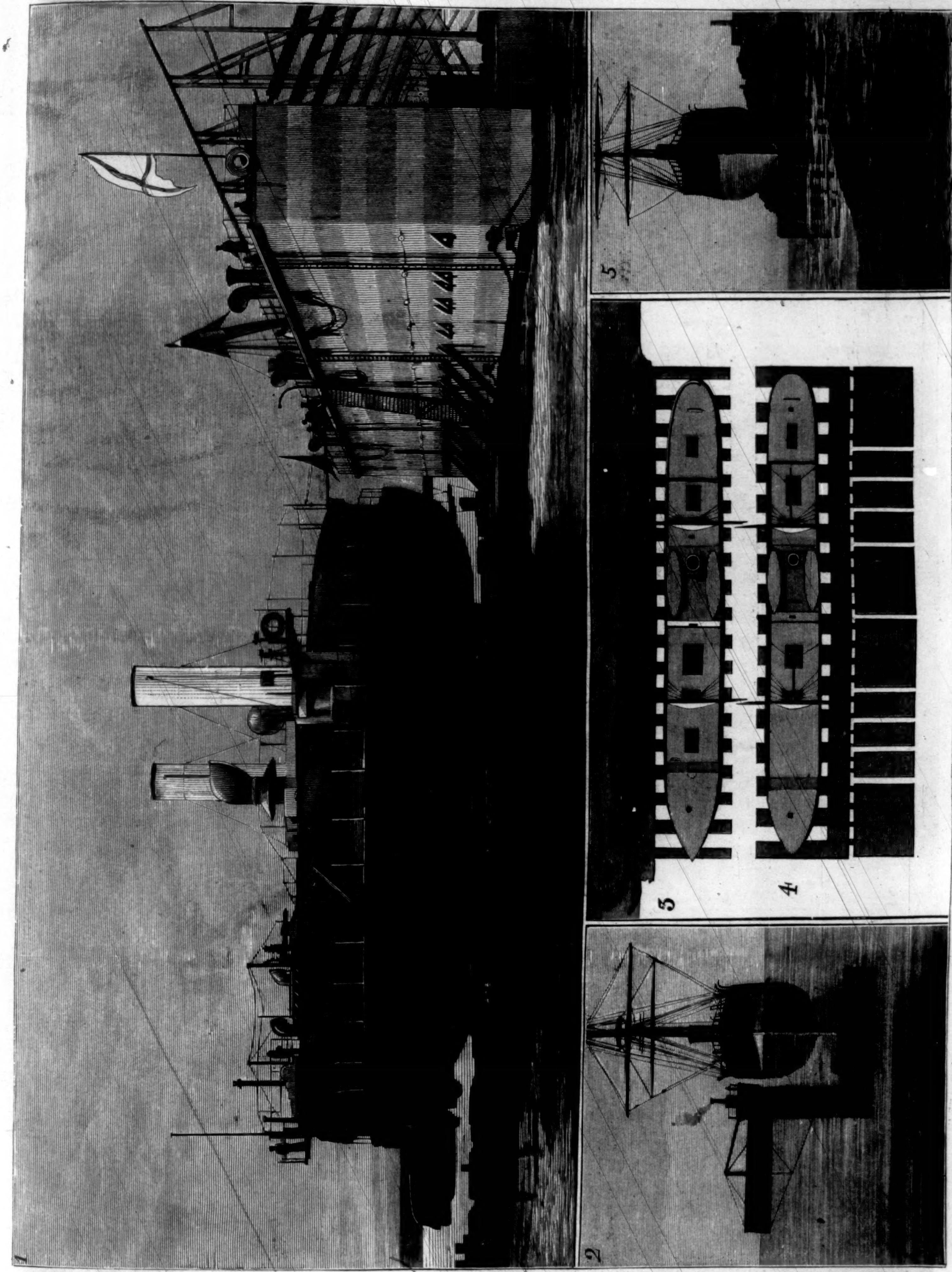


THE NIKOLAIEV DEPOSITING-DOCK.

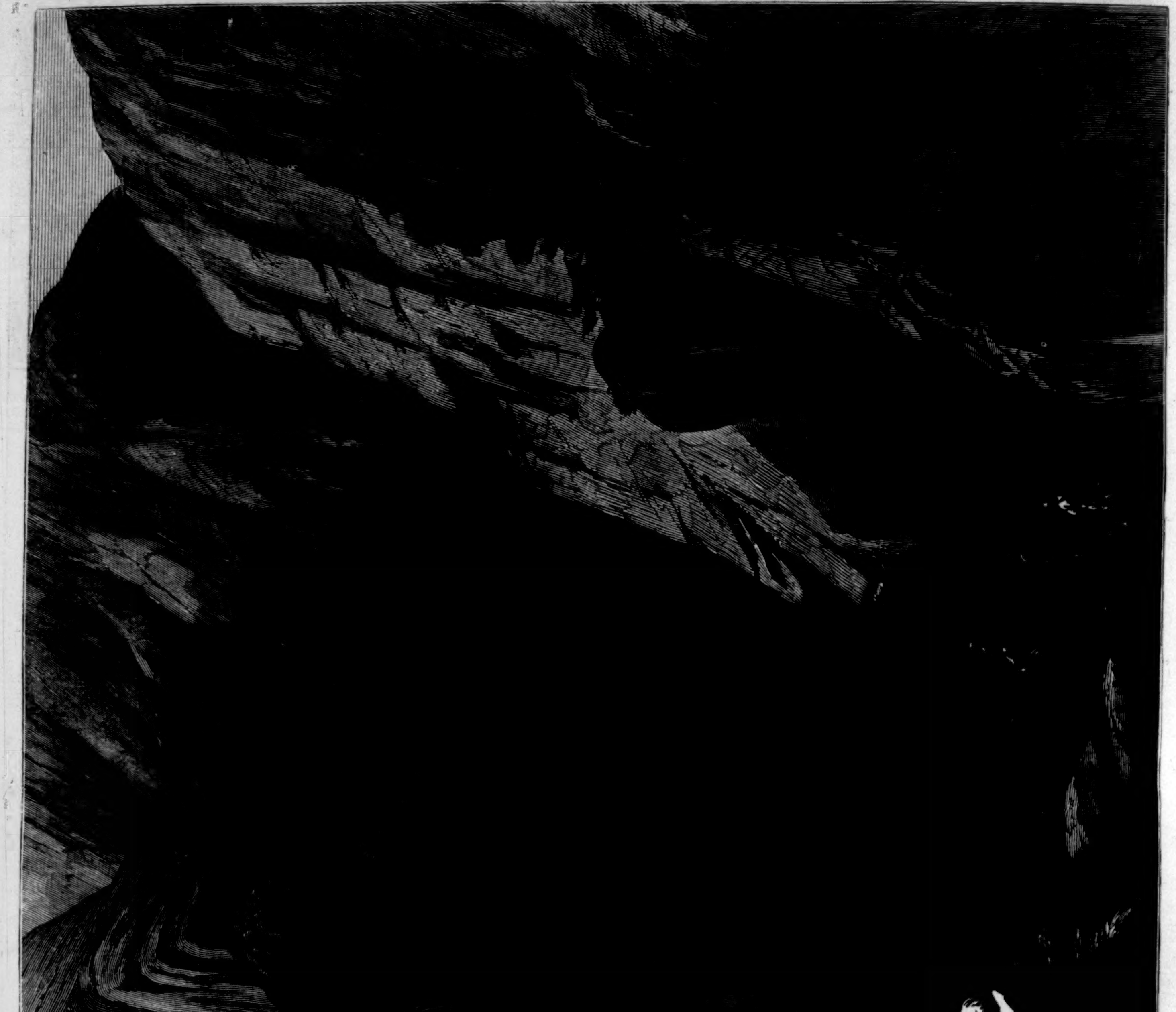
THE NIKOLAIEV DEPOSITING-DOCK.

OUR illustration shows the new Russian imperial dock carrying the circular iron-clad *Vice-Admiral Popoff*, in the harbor of Nikolaiev, South Russia. This vessel, docked the last week in September, was the second of the circular iron-clads lifted with the greatest ease, and without the slightest inconvenience or delay. The dimensions of the *Vice-Admiral Popoff* are: diameter, 121 feet; draught, 14 feet; and weight at the time of docking, 3850 tons. The dock, which is capable of raising nearly 5000 tons, had consequently a reserve buoyancy of over 1000 tons. During the past summer this dock has been in constant requisition, making good the damages that befell the Black Sea fleet during the late war. As an instance of its value we may mention that the steam-ship *Russia* was hastily docked, cleaned, and some torpedo fittings added in a few hours; and a day or two after, having captured the Turkish steamer *Mersina* off the coast of Anatolia, she returned to port with her valuable prize, which was reported to have been of sufficient worth to repay a large part of the cost of the dock.

Messrs. CLARK & STANDFIELD, of London, designed and constructed this particular dock not only to lift ordinary sea-going craft, but especially these circular ships, whose great beam has hitherto prevented them from being docked since their construction. Admiral POPOFF, the eminent Russian naval engineer, promptly recognized the great working capacity of their design, and it was on his recommendation that the Russian government appreciated and boldly adopted this then novel and untried invention, which has proved so successful.

The size of the entrances to the existing graving-docks has had a serious and always a detrimental bearing on the design of our modern war ships, as may be gathered from the report of the committee of inquiry into the stability of the *Inflexible*, which states that the beam of that vessel was limited by the necessity of having to accommodate her in existing dry-docks, whilst it recommends a greater beam than that carried by the *Inflexible* in first-class vessels of the future.

The depositing-dock at Nikolaiev meets the difficulty, and has at the same time another remarkable peculiarity, inasmuch as it can not only lift a vessel out of the water, but deposit it on fixed stages along the shore, the number of vessels lifted and deposited at the same time being limited only by the length of this staging. Vessels can be raised, examined, and lowered again in about one hour and a half. The fingers, or pontoons, which are connected to the side of the dock, are allowed to float in between fixed piling erected at right angles to the line of shore (Figs. 3 and 4); the vessel is then transferred to the staging, as a pencil may be transferred from one hand to the other, by allowing the fingers to pass between each other. The dock, with or without a vessel, may be readily transported from place to place for the purpose of raising or depositing vessels at different points. Figure 1 shows the immense iron-clad raised above the surface of the water; figure 2, the manner in which a vessel may be floated on the dock; and figure 5, one which has been transferred to a stationary dock.

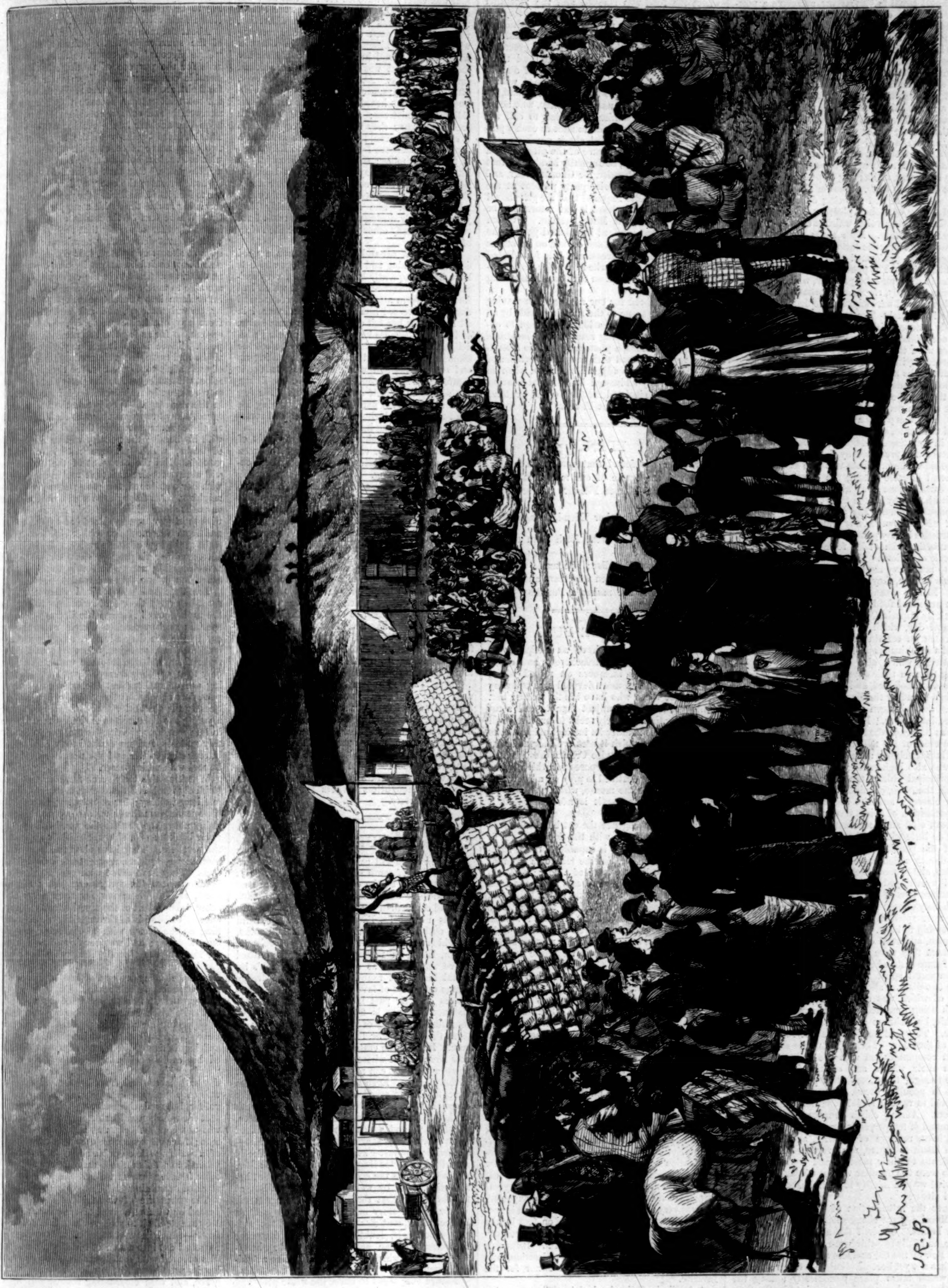


AFGHANISTAN—ENTRANCE TO THE KHOJAK PASS FROM PESHIN, ON THE ROAD TO CANDAHAR.

FROM QUETTA TO CANDAHAR.

THE Khojak Pass, although narrower and less frequently traversed than the Bolan—the route usually followed by caravans journeying between India and Southern Afghanistan—nevertheless offers an entirely practicable road between the British outpost at Quetta and Candahar, the principal city of this portion of the Afghan Empire. There can be no doubt that the southern frontier of Afghanistan presents fewer obstacles to the advance of an army from India than the eastern, though the positions of the English forces make an entrance from that side more desirable in other respects. In leaving Quetta the troops would first pass through a valley overshadowed by the Zaghun range and infested by lawless mountaineers, who are ready to attack small parties of travellers, but who would scarcely attempt to interfere with the progress of an armed force. From the valley the Murghi Pass leads by an easy route down to the Peshin district, and at fourteen miles from Quetta a small stream is passed, which constitutes the frontier of Khelat and Cabool. Another eighteen miles of practicable road brings the traveller by the Surmaghazi Pass to Hykalzai, situated on a plain of red clay soil—a favorite rendezvous of the nomad Sarins, and marked by numerous ruins and several inhabited villages. From Hykalzai a march of fifteen miles attains Arabi Kariz, several streams being crossed on the way, and a fair sprinkling of inhabitants encountered. There is a good roadway thence past the spurs of the Toba range and the populous villages of the Dihsuri Glen to the Khojak Pass.

The various elevations of this pass are estimated to be: at the most southerly point, 7000 feet; at its highest point, 7400 feet; at Chaukah, the northern terminus, 5600 feet. Here, as every where else along this road, the pasture is abundant. From Chaukah to Chaman, and thence to Gatai, some twenty-five miles, the route lies in a northwesterly direction along a gradual slope on to the undulating surface of a plain, and from Gatai a march of fourteen miles reaches Mel Maudah, the road lying across rolling downs which are entirely uninhabited, owing to scanty pasturage and the want of water. After eighteen miles further Mákú Karez is made, the Barghana Pass, which lies midway at an elevation of 4100 feet, presenting no difficulty to the traveller. Thence a winding ravine leads to the village of Mákú and



MEETING OF NATIVES WITH THE BRITISH AUTHORITIES AT WAITARA, NEW ZEALAND.

sixteen miles further, across an undulating plain as far as the Arghesan River (a very shallow stream, though of considerable width), and thence across broken country, lies Mund Hissar. From here to Candahar is twelve miles.

An advance upon Candahar would, however, bring the English into immediate conflict with the Duranis—one of the most powerful of the Afghan tribes. They inhabit a large tract between Herat and Candahar, and, it is estimated, number nearly a million souls. Their lands are held on a military tenure. The Ameer, being a Durani by birth, is considered their immediate chief, and is thus able to rule them more effectually than he can the other tribes. Every plough in the Durani lands has to furnish one horseman for the king's service—a system that was regularly enforced up to the death of Dost Mohammed. The poorer people live in tents, which usually surround the walled residence of their chiefs. Each section is ruled over by a Sirdar, who is regularly appointed, and is not only nominally but actually responsible to the Ameer for the conduct of his people. Although very observant of religious ceremonies—no camp being without its moolah, or priest—they show great toleration toward other sects. As a rule, they are very peaceably disposed, and have no internecine feuds like the other Afghan races. The consequence is that the opportunities they have had for showing their military qualities have been in the wars carried on against other nations. In these great contests they have figured conspicuously, and the reputation they bear as warriors is very high. All travellers in Afghanistan speak well of the Duranis, who are credited with more spirit, bravery, and civilization than the other tribes of the country. Being of the ruling race, they comport themselves with dignity, and show great attachment to their homes. Candahar is invested with a halo of superstition; thither they carry the bodies of all their great men; and it may readily be conjectured that an English occupation of that city would meet with the most strenuous opposition should it be attempted.

THE MAORI.

New Zealand is inhabited by British settlers and by an aboriginal race who call themselves Maori, and who belong to the Malay division of mankind. Though generally regarded as indigenous, the Maori have a tradition that their ancestors migrated to New Zealand from the island of Hawaiki about five hundred years ago. They are said to have come in seven canoes, which had outriggers to prevent foundering, and were called Amatiatia. These vessels were very different from those subsequently used, having been superseded by craft of a much simpler construction, named Wakka. The first of these canoes which touched at the island was named *Arawa*, and this brought over the first settlers, from whom the Maori are descended. If any faith is to be attached to this tradition, Hawaiki is probably the same as Hawaii, the largest of the Sandwich Islands, situated some four thousand miles to the northeast of New Zealand, though how the distance could be traversed by canoe is scarcely comprehensible.

The Maori are a tall, handsome people, and whether of a pure or mixed race, occupy no mean place in the scale of humanity. In stature they